

discord3r

february 2001

that magazine from CiTR 101.9 FM



1: SILKWORM

2: THE GOSSIP

3: KID 606

4: THE BUILDING PRESS

5: THE SEA AND CAKE

6: NO LUCK CLUB | FRESHBREAD

7: FOLK: SHOULD WE GIVE A FUCK?



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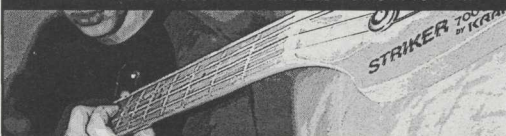
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DISCORDER

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features

No Luck Club/Freshbreed by tesla van halen pg. 10
The Building Press by melanie covey pg. 11
The Gossip by cassandra santana pg. 12
The Sea and Cake by clare bowditch pg. 13
Folk Music: Should We Give a Fuck? by val cormier pg. 14
Silkstorm by christa min pg. 16
Simon Fisher Turner by bleek pg. 18
Kid 606/Cex/Lesser by julie c. pg. 19
At the Drive-In by sean snorr pg. 20

regulars

Dear Airhead pg. 4
Culture Shock pg. 4
7* pg. 6
Kill Your Boyfriend pg. 7
Vancouver Special pg. 8
Strut, Fret, and Flicker pg. 9
Under Review pg. 21
Real Live Action pg. 24
Radio Free Press pg. 25
Kick Around (comic) pg. 26
Charts pg. 27
On the Dial pg. 28
Datebook pg. 30

COVER

jack duckworth likes working in black and red. he is a graphic designer and musician from vancouver. his cover is so punk it makes us feel, like, punk or something. check out his design work at www.thewaxmuseum.bc.ca.

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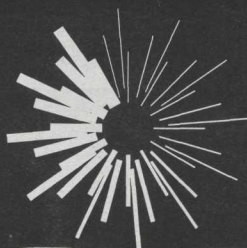
DISCORDER

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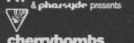
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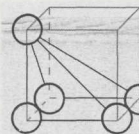
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dear airhead

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CORRECTION & DISCIPLINE

Hello there,

I am writing to you about the review of Sean Macdonald's latest album *Parasites and Kings* in the last issue of *Disorder*. This message is really intended for "Spike," but I do wish that anyone who read the review could see this as well.

Spike has made a few false assumptions about the inspiration for the songs on *Parasites and Kings*. I have not read the liner notes for the album, but it seems like they can be blamed for why people jump to these conclusions.

Although I am sure that the suicide of Adrian Rout had a profound effect on him, this can not be claimed as one of Sean's main inspirations for the songs or "the mood" on the album. Most of the songs were written and recorded well before Adrian committed suicide, including "Toronto Song" and "Butterfly Wings."

It is not "out of respect for Adrian" that Sean did "not recruit a new drummer." Sean had disbanded the Ids a year before Adrian killed himself and has used many drummers since. This was due to personal problems and pressure from his label, Network Records, who are under the misconception that they have to mold their artists to fit a certain popular image (in this case, Sean is supposed to be a solo-folk-noir-artist) rather than just letting them be themselves.

I recorded the Ids album and had a great deal to do with getting Sean signed to Network (that

last fact is unfortunate). Adrian was a dear friend of mine, and although I am pleased to finally see him receive some form of recognition, I am upset that the story has been warped so far from the truth.

Thanks very much for listening,

Colin Stewart
Hive Recording Studios

MOCKERY & DISMISSAL

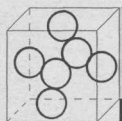
Dear Airhead

[Re: What We Listened To, Janemcer 2000] Pretty sure "jesus and mary chain" is the only real band on your list, but they suck now, or didn't they even break up to form "don't worry, be happy," the bobby mcferlin tribute band?

D

(holy shit, you stayed up til 11:26 pm? on a week-day?)

11:26 pm seems a lot later than it actually is when you've been working since 8:30 am—for three days in a row.—Ed



culture shock

anthony monday:kuwait correspondent

I ran away. I hijacked a plane.

I said: "Take me to Scotland. I need sex."

And lol I did go to that vast, cold place, and there were Scottish sheep and lo, there was snow. And yea, I did have sex. And yea, I had it in a Buddhist monastery 15 miles north-east of Lockerbie. And lol Christmas passed and all my repressed Christian guilt about illicit homosexual activities subsided for another year. There was much rejecting and more illicit activity. Yea! It was good.

Then, after consuming lots of "real" alcohol—let's not be eurocentric here—and copious visitations to a small used/independent CD store in Dundee called Crouche's (think Zulu, but Scottish), where I spent \$300 on fun, pretty, round, music thingies, I was sent back.

To Kuwait.

At first, I was hesitant to go. I really felt that I belonged with

the Scots. We bonded. I mean, we really had something beautiful and Scottish going on. But, I know, it was for you that I must return. Yea, you, my dear readers, who want to know more about Kuwait. So I did what all self-respecting journalists do: I crippled, doubled over in the airport, and sobbed pathetically, screaming at my lower through snort and new mittens. "Don't send me back, please, I can't do it, not another five months of Britney Spears and Eminem, of cell phones and more money than consumers can use... please don't make me!"

But he duly picked me up and patted me on my perky buttocks and said, in his lovely Scottish accent, "Go on, off you go, now." A Richard Gere and Winona Ryder film comforted me all the way back. I watched without my headphones, weeping dramatically. I thought it best to make a scene.

Arriving and going through customs, I was singled out. I saw them hone in on me

like jackals to a fallen corpse. I am guessing it was the orange pants, and the earrings—only two, but still, I should have thought, we're in Kuwait, people don't wear "different"



Said Malik

things here. Earrings and orange trousers are apparently the internationally-recognized symbol for "drug trafficker," and I was subsequently strip-searched.

I got to keep my underwear on, thankfully, 'cause if anyone had reached for the latex gloves, I would have been. While I appreciate safety in all probing activities, I was not ready for the vaguely Gestapo-looking customs officer to become intimate with my prostate. Or any other internal organ.

They found my beer kit: a large tin which I had "disguised" as "Auntie Rose's Dark Honey." And while the consistency of the concentrate (mmmm, beer concentrate)

"Honey" would look kinda suspicious. I got a stern warning and was told to move on. Gestapo officer Bob smiled a thin-lipped smile as he put the beer kit into his cupboard and I was left back into the country.

To hold the loneliness at bay—for I knew it would come pouring into my heart as soon as the hangover and the jetlag was gone—I promptly went out and bought a budgie. Why not? It makes sense: "Lonely? Found nothing redeemable to keep you going? Starved for an alternative culture? Get a small colourful bird!"

So a bright colourful bird I got. He is small and bright yellow. He keeps me company. Well, he used to keep me company until I realized that company usually responds to your presence. Killer, as he is affectionately called, merely sits and watches me nervously from his yellow cage. I have been trying to coax him out, allow him to fly freely around my apartment and shit on everything, but he seems content enough to shit in his cage. There's really not much to him.

I have discovered, however, that he really gets down to Add N to (X), so at least he's like a nouveau bird. My electronic pet. Killer, the avant garde budgie.

He doesn't so much get funky with Cat Power, sadly,

and I am not too sure how he will react to a good dose of Laurie Anderson, but I am hoping it will be positive. I am training him to be my "alternative friend." We're going to sit in-doors on the weekends and listen to all my new CDs. When we've listened to them all, he will have memorized them, and it'll be like a CD randomizer—you'll never know what he's going to sing next!

I guess company is what you make it. So, too, is the place where you hang your hat. I can make it good. Dance little budgie! Dance to that fucked up shit! That's right, baby, dance me to the end of Kuwait, with your twirling yellow tail and nervous looking eyes. I'll make sure your heart won't miss the chills of Scotland, or all the boys you left behind... Vancouver will never be the same for me.

Next month: Will Anthony Monday last in Kuwait? A public vote answers the questions of his confused heart. Please choose one of the following: "Yes, Anthony Monday should come home and stop whining," or "No, Anthony Monday should not come home, he should stop being a sissy and just do his job." All responses should be sent to DISORDER: disorder@club.ams.ubc.ca. A budgie's life is on the line! •

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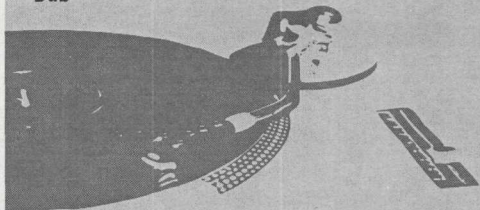
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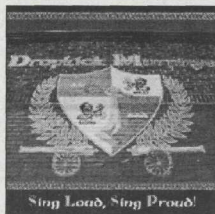
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The songs on the *SING LOUD, SING PROUD!* range from beer-mug-thrust-skyward anthems such as "A Few Good Men," to the more introspective (though no less raging) "Which Side Are You On?." Most likely there is no other band that can do as high-energy a jig as the Murphys do on "Rocky Road To Dublin," a song that best captures the unique and powerful vocal exchange of Al Barr and Ken Casey. Joining in on "Good Rats," a song about the secret ingredient that spices up the band's favourite stout, is kindred spirit and former Pogues leader Shane MacGowan.

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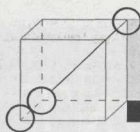
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7 inch

julie colero

Damned if I haven't got a barrel-full of dirty undies-smelling music for you all this month. I wish I had lots of hot rock and tasty tunes for you, but I'm pretty sure that I lost all the good stuff a few levels down in the Desk of Julie stratosphere (I'm taking science at school! It's like I'm in grade 10 all over again!). The stuff left to sort through has brought me little joy, so I'm suggesting to all that you go into your bedrooms and drag out all the good old records that do you right. Never mind buying stuff this month. Relive the good old days of the early '90s. That's what it's all about. Unless, of course, you want any of this.

Outside music sends me UK singles for albums on Beggar's Banquet, Mantra, Too Pure, and 4AD. Woo. The new IAN ASTBURY (that Cult guy) sounds like it's trying to be the last Primal Scream, which was, um, avant something. Ian's chilled out on the cool screaming and instead pulls this silly smooth-talker routine on "Tyger," the b-side. The a-side

should be the hit, the one that takes the radio world by storm... but it sucks too. I don't want no cheesy rock music.

Which makes me wonder why SIX, BY SEVEN keeps putting out records. If nobody cared about the band's two or three bland full-lengths, who's about to get hyped by a new single? I'm sorry, but there's no room in my heart for these nobodies. So what if they've got a record deal? Apparently the pen slipped and gave them more records than any label bozo in his right mind could've possibly thought necessary. Bummer.

The one UK single I was actually interested in, one for the newest HEFNER album, is lost. It was a *Wisdom of Harry* remix, though, so it probably isn't all that great. Hefner is funny/intelligent/whiny; *Wisdom of Harry* is a waste of Matador's money. All these should be able to be found in stores or on-line. Don't bother sending a money order for three pounds sterling to Beggar's Banquet—they'd just laugh at

you around the water cooler.

THE BLOW UP is the latest band to get hooked up with good ol' Empty Records. Now that we've all had enough time to put the poor spelling of that Records record behind us (well, I'm ready to give up of grudge). Empty singles can be listened to with open, unbiased ears. The Blow Up has got a good dynamic thing going, but I can't help but turn to local acts who do this already, and better. In a fight to the death, *The Nasty* On could kick *The Blow Up*'s collective asses. I'm sure the band rocks out live, and they probably drink lots and dress well and have sexy ladies in the front row who know all the words. Doesn't turn their b-side from sounding like Pavement's "Conduit for Sale!" Dearest Blow Up: let's talk "seminar" and how you're just not there yet. (Empty Records, PO Box 12034 Seattle, WA 98102)

So I've got no clue where **THE SPEDS** single came from, but that's okay. I've got the internet to help me out. Hang on just a sec...done. Did you know that

SPED is short form for Special Education? Fantastic! These punk rocks from Oregon (note the reference to information found in the e-bio—see fellas, I do care!) obviously think they're funny like that, and I'd have to agree, in a way. It's funny that you hand-numbered your singles! It's funny that you're so DIY that you've got no label! It's funny that your songs are full of backup Oi chants like "DIE! DIE! DIE!" You guys are great. Well,



not great, but okay. Okay. Simple. Mildly entertaining. Can I hope for much else from plain old punk these days? I understand that I'm supposed to be fighting for my rights, and that the world's trying to get me down. I just ain't got it in me to punch the State's face in! You do it for me, and I'll play your damn record. <thesped@hotmail.com>

BUDDY BRADLEY is from Italy. I can't figure out what the singer's shouting about. I can figure out, however, without the cue WARNING!!! insert, that the band stole its name and logo

from Peter Bagge's *HATE* comics. Good going. I surmised by the near-naked '50s lady on the cover that this was going to be right about my cup of tea, and boy, was I right. The songs about girls and cars really turned my crank! I enjoyed the poignancy of the lyrics "one, two, three, four, five, six!" I also feel the same way as Buddy about Jenny McCarthy. Half the band included but one more naked lady somewhere in the liner notes, this may have graced my Top 10 year-end list. You blew it, boys. (Chukie's Tales, Redondo Beach, CA via Adamello, 12/37/06 S. Martino B.A./Verona, Italy)

I think my **BRIEF** single is old, but newish to this city. "Poor & Weird" has that kick that almost does it for me, that stylish old-school full-of-chaos shenaniganism that makes all your punk rock dreams come true. Never mind the b-side, it's a bit brassy (Cut and Run Records, www.thebriefs.com).

Next up on the rock 'n' roll rollercoaster is a **FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM/LOPEZ** split, which showcases the Fireballs' capacity to rock it like they talk it and Lopez' limp-wristed skills. Well, maybe not limp-wristed. Insert your own dis or gushy praise here, based on this information: the band makes fast, grumpy, sleazy music. Uh huh. Now you're a music critic too! Just don't expect to earn the fine bills that those of us on the DISORDER staff make. (Note

to my mother: I will be home for dinner tonight. Please save me something. I haven't eaten all day.) (Dirtmap Records, PO Box 21249 Seattle, WA 98111) That should about cover the new 7's sent to CiTR this month. Thankfully, these last months have afforded me a few key finds in real life and virtual record bins. **MILKY** **WIMPSHAK** always makes me happy, with Pete from *Red Monkey* laying down the political cross he must bear to sing sappy love songs. He is British, so he rhymes funny things. He does a garbled cover of a Daniel Johnston cover with a *Modern Lovers* song thrown right in the middle. It's great. (Ferric Mordant, PO Box 54 Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE5 5YW UK)

Also, like I said, get back into those olden tunes. The '90s were good to us in a way that I just don't think the '00s can offer up. K's International Pop Underground series alone has a zillion gems you've probably gone and forgotten about in your quests for new and zesty songs. Get on their website and order yourself up some *Blood Sausage*, or maybe some *Krevis*, or some other sweet, wussy, dissonant shit. Oh, and listen to a *Nation of Ulysses* record. It'll do good things for your brain, says Dr. Julie. Until next month, save your pennies and enjoy the music you've already got. *

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Record most often played on your show:
Peter: Eno/Byrne *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*; Michael Brook *Hybrid*; Francz Breut.

James: Steralab, Ennio Morricone, and his arch nemesis Hugh Montenegro.

Record you would save in a fire:
Peter: Francz Breut.

James: Tough one... maybe my old Villains EP, or Peter's Morricone box set.

Worst band you like:
Peter: James Last... but he's a living god.

James: Would have to be the Jolly Lamourine Man. S.P.O.C.K.'s unplugged version of "Mr Spock's Brain" always brings a tear to my eye... for many reasons.

Last record you bought:
Peter: Laurent Garnier *Unreasonable Behaviour*.

James: Señor Coconut *El Baile Alemán*.

First record you bought:
Peter: ABBA's *Greatest Hits* and Bob Marley's *Natty Dread*.

James: The first [thing] I ever bought was... gulp... probably a Doobie Brothers album.

Musician you would most like to marry:
Peter: Far too late for that.

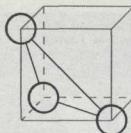
James: Agreed.

Favourite show on CiTR:
Peter: How can you pick your favourite child from the many?

James: Any show whose DJ will tolerate us—Coreen (*Blue Monday*), Hans Klass (*Hans Klass' Misery Hour*), or Sko-T (*Ska-T's Scenic Drive*). June is disqualified as she doesn't have a show now.

Strangest phone call received while on air:
Peter: The woman that told me, "I like using men's ties as garter belts."

James: The Fast Talker. *



kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

I was supposed to use this space to tell you about how wonderful Dave Cooper is, but you get the idea, right? Just go buy *Weasel* at your friendly comic book dealer. Instead, I'm going to tell you about good anime, or rather, good anime I've encountered. There is a lot of stuff to sift through, so here's Robin's Cole's Notes to anime.

The first anime I ever saw was *Battle Angel Alita*. It's mostly about this robot girl who becomes a bounty hunter and learns how to be human. There's a fair amount of depth to this cute-looking but grim cartoon. There is also tons of action, and she kicks ass all over the place. If you can get by the off-putting dubbing job you'll find yourself caring about what happens to the characters. It's a sharp, stylish, and well-drawn package that is not full of your standard goofy anime moments.

A similar movie with a different style and a more complex story line is *Kite*. More psycho-

logical than most anime, *Kite's* title character is a teenage hired assassin. The art style is almost disturbing, but it's a great thriller.

One for boys and girls is *Ninja Scroll*. The art style is *Aeon Flux*-ish, all sick and gangly. The colour scheme features faded greens, greys, and beiges, with the odd flash of bright blue and ravishing red. The plot is interesting and has many a sub-plot. The best thing? The villains. They are sneaky, vile, sinister, and original: a woman whose tattoos come to life and a man who can disappear and reappear in any available shadow, to name but a few. It's action-packed with heroes and minions, a mentor, and a girl.

One of my favourites is *Fushigi Yugi*. It's not a movie, but rather a really long TV series. It's about a girl from our time who opens a book and is transported into the story where she's a priestess who has to find the seven celestial warriors to help her defend the city

in feudal China. Because *Fushigi Yugi* is a TV series, the plot goes all over the place and you're introduced to a million different characters. I know what you're thinking, but it's not hard to follow at all. There's action, romance, adventure, transgenderism, murder, mayhem, treachery, and shenanigans. It's a fun series that I have yet to finish as I want it to last as long as possible. It's also full of goofy anime moments. Big head, little body syndrome runs rampant, but it fits perfectly. Like a lot of anime, *Fushigi Yugi* started out as a comic book, and the creator, Yu Watase, is a beautiful artist. It translates to screen well. The style is simple and refined as well as vibrant and colourful. A great fantasy tale that's fun for the whole family.

Visions of Escaflowne is along a similar fantastical scale, only with big robots. They were showing a severely abridged version on TV this summer—ignore it and rent the series.

Grand in its scope, *Escaflowne* is about a girl who gets transported to a distant land and becomes embroiled in their civil war. It's also about a boy who has become king, with an evil older brother against him, and a vague past he is trying to understand. It's got a lot of great characters and is chock full of action and adventure with an old-world twist. It's not as funny as *Fushigi Yugi*, but the characters are so solid that you really get into the series. Not to mention the robots are very cool, and they fight a lot. The art for the series is well-suited. It's clean and distinctive and at times beautiful and exciting. The plot is intricate and long, but it's easy to get into and I promise you will be hooked.

One guy you can always count on for a good anime movie is Hayao Miyazaki or his Studio Ghibli. With more than 15 animated movies under his belt, he's like the Japanese Disney, but so much more. Two of my favourite movies are *Princess Mononoke* and *My Neighbour Totoro*.

My Neighbour Totoro is good for all ages and has strong female leads. It's about two little girls whose mother is in the hospital, and they've moved to a new house to be closer to her. They discover a whole new world in their backyard as they encounter dust-nittes, cat-buses,

and Totoro. It's a really bizarre movie but a lot of fun. As soon as you watch it you'll understand why, in a poll administered to Japanese girls on who was the cutest guy in anime, Totoro won. Once again, the art is remarkable. It's incredibly cute and oh, how I coveted the expansive and uncharted forest land of their backyard. Big trees to climb, mossy mounds to sleep on, cat-buses to ride around in. Such a great movie full of imagination.

The latest show I've gotten addicted to is *Serial Experiments: Lain*. It's a story about a girl who gets email from a dead girl and then subsequently gets involved in the internet in more ways than one. I haven't finished it yet, but I gotta tell you about it. The plot is dark and very modern. There are weird drugs, mistaken identities, and the magical world of the internet. My favourite thing about it, though, is the animation. It looks like anime, but the eyes are rounder and softer. Everything is muted and washed. The colours are water-colour purple, grey, navy blue, light yellow. There's little things about it that really fascinate me. Her computer is oddly designed and she wears this really cute teddy bear pajama suit with ears and everything. When she walks by shadows it seems like there are flecks of

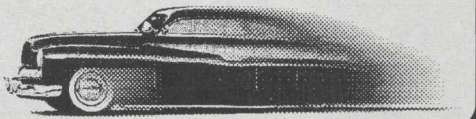
blood in it! It's so mysterious and foggy. I can't wait to see the rest.

Another freaky psychodrama was the recently released *Perfect Blue*, the story of an actress and her stalker. This movie was creepy as all get out. Everyone was either really beautiful or appallingly ugly. It was a strange art style, but it was train-wreck riveting. It wasn't too hard to figure out what was going on and boy, was it intense. Nothing more to say, you know when you're in the mood for a thriller.

Lastly, another recent discovery, *Cowboy Bebop*. Also part of the long and gangly trend in anime, it's the oddest combination of genres ever. Let's see, he's a space cowboy/bounty hunter. He usually wears a suit. He's a lover, not a fighter, and is kind of a klutz, too. He's poor and has always found a way out of it. It's classy and smooth. The stories are engaging, funny, and surprising. He's a goofy James Bond.

Hopefully you've read something you'd like to check out. I mostly get all my anime from Tom's Video. Look it up; they have great deals and tons of anime. I should warn you, though, that Tom's big business is pornography. But if you can get past that, then you are in for an anime treat. •

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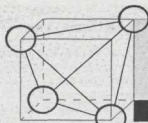
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SWANK *Puppy's Corn Squeezin's* (Independent)

This **Swank** is not a naked lady magazine or a cut-rate line of men's jewelry, but a stylish country-punk outfit. Sort of. You will hear an old, rollicking, country swing guitar style, to be sure, but it's cranked up to 11, and sometimes catchy garage-pop hooks slip in, too. Then there's the big growly voice of Spencer McKinnon, closer to **Jim Morrison** or **Neil Diamond** (in a rocking-out moment) than to **Hank Williams** or **Bob Wells**. (There is a yodel at the end of "Rodeo of Fallen Stars," but in yet another twist, it seems closer to the Swiss rather than the cowboy variety.) The songs are about life on the downtown East Side, drinking, Elvis, guns, bizarre country fair rituals, and relationships gone bad—some songs wink at a kind of ironically-idealized trailer-trash alternate universe, others are swamp-inflected odes to both the bright and dark sides of love. Clever, cool, hard-driving, and fun. <doug@karyo.net>

Janis

MIMOSA *Baculique* (Independent)

Imagine the young Sean Connery as James Bond walking into a Monte Carlo nightclub where millionaire sophisticates are doing the samba and grown-up variants of the Twist and Swin. What's that '60s French pop-meets-Herb Alpert-and-Jobim stylish soundtrack? Why, it's **Mimosa**, of course! Mimosa uses plenty of lush and luxurious horn and organ arrangements, which sometimes combine for the aforementioned Bond effect (as in "Blue Marlin Crawl," among others), sometimes go for a subtle Bixpiation soundtrack feel ("Zlich," perhaps?), and sometimes are more evocative and atmospheric (as in "Idylle"). In fact, every song will make you think of extremely well-dressed and beautiful people in some brightly-coloured movie or other. It's all about style, and at its best when **Lily Frost** is using her most corn-syrup-sweet breathy voice, as in the opening track, "Is It Spring," and when the lyrics are in a language you don't understand, so you can't be distracted from the waves of pure musical hipness.

www.mimosamusic.com

Janis

BIG JOHN BATES *Voodoo Bar-B-Q* (Independent)

Just looking at the CD cover will give you a pretty good idea of what you're in for. There is the intense-looking **Big John Bates** himself, glowering with a gor-

geous hollow-body guitar. There's a note explaining the recording process ("using the earliest in primitive methods and analog gear") and even the sound ("This is hardtail B-movie rock 'n' roll"). There's the track listing, with songs like "Devil Tail Sauce," "Tomestone Twist," "I Got the Creeps," "Trailer Hitch," and "Surfin' with Spidey." Yes, you could just put this with your **Forbidden Dimension** and **Hallowe'en** compilation CDs, if you've got that kind of filing system. But have a listen and enjoy the fine old-fashioned reverberation on the single guitar, muse on the well-established link between punk and rockability and thump your foot to some of these very danceable stripped-down arrangements with their howling, growling vocals. The best tracks here are the ones that rock the hardest, including Bates' cover of the **Dead Kennedys'** classic "Too Drunk to Fuck," coyly named (on the cover, anyway), "Too Drunk to Fish."

www.bigjohnbates.com

Janis

I's now about halfway through January, and I just noticed the tulips in front of my apartment building pushing through the earth. Does this trouble anyone other than me? I'm just as into letting the good times roll as the next guy, but I believe there's something to be said for the natural order, and not having to deal with the repercussions of fucking with it.

Speaking of earth-worshipping freaks, did you know Nelson's got a record label? No, me neither. They call themselves Banefest Records, and their leader appears to be one **Nik T.** When not exporting his enviable skills as a bike courier to Toronto, **Nik** means all things electronic and teans up with some bongobeatting hippie to form **UNKLE NIK**, purveyors of fine fake funk. The brothers Unkle have a really good sound going from lots of fat organ and dreamy soundscape shit. The only drawback is when they bring in that really inorganic drum machine that all the soother-suckers seem rather fond of; not around here you don't. <nik@telus.net>

It's also kind of weird when 11 of 13 tracks on a supposed compilation have either been performed or remixed by one person; "control freak" comes to mind. So does "Hey Stupid" by **BARTOK**, which did nothing for me. When left in a pre-remixed state, as on "Guitar Star," the band is even worse. None for me, thanks. (250.359.7575)

PIEDMONT SORFID fancy themselves "artists." I know how you just love an artist. I'm going to have to give this over to someone a little more noise-oriented,

for though I can identify artistic intention, I am in no position to evaluate it. <carl-jacks@yahoo.com>

FROSTY, our next batch of still warm Nelson goodies, are a bit of a weird case. In their bio, they try to claim the authority of coming from "Vancouver then moving to NYC, now hangin' up in the mountains." I don't know if I've ever borne witness to such extreme stretching for credibility. It comes as no surprise, then, that their music finds foundation in the cheasier elements of "soul/funk sound science," but when it comes time in each song to take a break, throw in a bridge or something, the results are really quite nice, and then it's straight back to the trough. What gives? (no contact)

Thank the lord, we're out of Nelson. **BIFFY PERDU's** got local music roots, being one of the producers of **The Radio's** last album. Whoopie. This disc is good, though. A whole lot of catchy power-folk with a half-singing, half-spoken word delivery reminiscent of **Panty Christ**, if that counts as a pop culture reference. Track three is made by the samples (such a fine line), while track four has this warped cellophane feel to it. Keep eyes and ears on alert. <circle2@pacificcast.net>

Toronto's **QUADRUPED** has put together a nice mellow album for sitting in the bedroom, stupid on weed and red wine, trying to be smart. Instrumental is the flavour, one guitar tuned down and one drummer with a fucked-up kick that hums for some reason, presumably humidity-related. Individual temperaments are going to play a role here. (416.654.3641)

What's this then? Sugary Tea Records. Perfect. A smattering of the best and brightest of Baltimore's pop music scene, as it were. And what fabulous names they all have; you wouldn't find this in Canada, let me tell you. **THE BETTY SPACKLE** are definitely the standouts on this one. "Skateboard Girl" lays hilarious lyrics over slow, driving rock and roll, while "Theme Song For Underdogs" is a cello-driven Lou Reed tribute. **THE LIKELY LADS**, meanwhile, have somehow managed to combine the almost-pop of **The Salteens** with **Murder City** Spencer singing another Lou Reed on their b-side, "Feel So Good." It sounds weird, because it is. Is Lou Reed from Baltimore or something? Anyway, check this label out, they seem to have some interesting things going on, and what else are you going to do with your pointless, directionless, and thoroughly uninspiring existence? <sugarytearecords@yahoo.com>

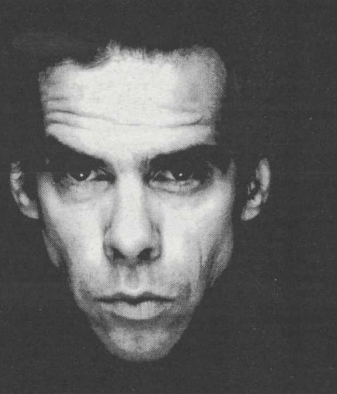
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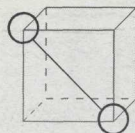


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THE WIDOWER
Friday, December 15
The Blinding Light!

The debut feature from Vancouver director Marcus Rogers is one dark and twisted love story. It's also very funny and manages to breathe the same air as cult luminaries John Waters, David Lynch, and John Poyer without being derivative of any of them. In fact, I came away astounded at what an original piece of work it was.

The protagonist of the title is a mild-mannered gent named Milton Smythe, who's in a rather unusual sort of denial over the recent death of his beloved wife (played to ghoulish perfection by Ramona Orr). Let's just say that he hasn't disposed of her remains, and in a plot twist highly reminiscent of Martin Donovan's *Apartment Zero*, still cooks dinner for both of them and chats to her when he comes home from work. She's pretty quiet, but Milton doesn't seem to notice. As with any star-crossed lovers, the rest of the world gets on the case and in the way, allowing Rogers and writer Ed Kiedrzycki to unleash a whole carnival of wackos onto the screen.

Irene Mischio is a bustling hoot as the nosy neighbour, Mrs. Wutzermann. In turquoise stretch pants and secretary-framed glasses, she's the cuddliest harridan in Baltimore. A thundering diesel of a landlady (played by Jeanie Dunston, aka Watermelon to local fans of pot-humour) sniffs the rapidly festering situation as wife's corpse starts to slide past its pull-date. And Tim Trylinski does an impeccable turn as the meticulously lazy, doughnut-nibbling, homicide detective, Rind. You can also play "spot that cameo" with Joe Keithley as a bartender, Nardwaz as a semi-comatose doughnut cashier, and Jello Biafra as the kinky funeral parlour director and devil in Milton's dreams.

The real beauty though, is Shawn Milstead's performance as Milton. It would have been tempting (and so easy) for an actor to play the weirdness of a character like this. Instead, Milstead quietly and totally inhabits him, causing something like a split screen effect on our reactions. We feel his heart-wrenching anxiety and distress at the same time as we're groaning out. His Milton is hilarious and touching, sick and sad—a strange man earnestly basking in his way through the yapping mayhem of a hostile world. Milstead is dead funny because

making us laugh seems to be the last thing on his mind.

The film looks great. Locations and set design are beautifully true to atmosphere and period without ever overwhelming the story or the action. And Milton's hallucinatory dream sequences are red-sauced trips to hell—yet feel almost Pythonesque.

On the soundtrack are many goodies: Coal (of which Marcus Rogers is a member) does double duty as the '50s lounge combo in flashback sequences to the club where the couple first met, and as the house band in the loser bar that the joint has since become. Also featured are the sounds of Huevos Rancheros, Neko Case, DOA, The Evaporators, The Problematics, Sarcastic Mannequins, The Smugglers, The Colorifics, Mac III's, and more.

The *Widower*, screened at last year's Underground Film Festival and had a two-day run at The Blinding Light! in December. There's talk of another, one-off screening in a few months, but I sense that there's a lot more exposure lurking in its future.

BURN GLOOM: RITUALS ON MILLENNIUM EVE
Friday, January 12
You know where you were there

It was just over a year ago that one of the biggest mass-marketed events in history was about to take place, but this production nailed the sense of impending something in the final hours of 1999 so well that it felt almost nostalgic.

The title refers to a ritual, long practiced in other cultures, of getting your worst fears or negative thoughts down on paper (or in effigy) and literally torching them. In terms of story-line, the play is for those who felt driven to mark the millennium just by being somewhere else.

Playwright Elaine Avila had recruited 14 artists to report back with their experiences from as many different places on the planet, and with director Kathleen Weis, tinkered with their stories and distilled them into four main threads. I had to wonder how we could end up with a New York cop, a wealthy Canadian business man, and a gung-ho Coca-Cola executive as protagonists when we'd started with actors, musicians, and sculptors, etc., but never mind. One of the stories seemed to survive more or less intact: that of a choreographer who ended

up Geisha dancing in an illegal Singapore lesbian bar.

In a format much like the millennium telecasts that flipped among several locations, installments of the various stories would fade in and out. The strongest of these theatrically was like recurring segments of a sophisticated soap opera in which a wealthy couple, John and Gillian, were holed up in a rented villa during a storm on Belle-Ile, with no one but his ex-wife and an 18-pound turkey. The writing was



shawn milstead and ramona orr in marcus rogers' the widower

delicious, the tension cracked, and you could smell the storm outside. Some of the stories staggered under the weight of the characters who were too broadly drawn to be much more than caricatures: the Coke exec, for instance, or the tourists in Times Square. While I appreciated the political and social comment, the send-up would have been a lot funnier and the message more potent, had

things been a touch more subtle.

Four performers—Avila, Suzie Payne, Shaun Phillips and Maiko Bae Yamamoto—were cross-cast in about 20 roles and the transformations in body language as they morphed among their characters were wonderful.

In one of the truest collaborations between musicians and performers that I've ever seen, The Talking Pictures Music Ensemble wove itself into the piece—as soundtrack and soundscapes. It was the jazzy clamour and chatter of Times Square, night birds in Africa, an Atlantic storm, and a straight-ahead nightclub band. I've seen this outfit before (Bill Clark on trumpet, Peggy Lee on cello, guitarist Ron Samworth, and drummer Dylan van der Schyff) and they're way good, but I've

of flossom, some of which related to the locales. One of the pillars was hung with masks and mannequins which became patrons in the Singapore club. And Jonathan Ryder's lighting was magical. It helped turn the whole room into a New York night, an African village, a beach house in a power outage and whatever else it needed to be.

It all came to a close on Belle-Ile with John and Gillian burning their ghosts in an unexpectedly redemptive way: helping to rescue hundreds of slicked birds washed up in a New Year's Day oil spill. The meaning of Y2K had become telescoped into a cardboard box containing a creature damaged by human greed and excess. To the spare and wild sound of trumpet and cello, the playing space became filled with boxes of varying sizes as John described the methodical rescue process, like the ritual that it was. What a perfect place to end.

THE PLUG HOLE

The Holy Body Tattoo is back in town for a pit-stop at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre where they'll remain Circa from February 6-10.

About this time last year, they packed the place with this stunning piece of dance theatre which includes film by William Morrison and music by The Tiger Lillies, Warren Ellis, and Steven Severin. Now there's even more reason to be screaming for a ticket because the beloved Tiger Lillies will be performing their music live on stage with the dancers! And as if this wasn't enough euphoria for one week in February, the 'Lillies will be doing two late-night cabaret performances of their own on February 9 and 10. I'm so excited that I almost forgot to tell you to call 251.1363 for info. *

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(13-15) the second beautiful music 3 days of drifting comp early

(16) the radio w/ dorothy

(11) canned ham mr dayton drive-by w/ mac dave from olympia wa.

(18) unrefined spoken word hip hop poetry

(21) ford pier w/ joel kracker

(14) celina martin

(23) young & sexy w/ blue pipe

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international month of the suit w/ 10 suits w/ 1000 you a dinner get your card

NO LUCK CLUB

Matt and Trevor Chan are the brothers that make up Vancouver's No Luck Club. They create cool beats mixed with great stories. They're two of the nicest guys you'll ever meet, and they've just been signed to Dan the Automator's label 75 Ark.

DISCORDER: Maybe we should tell the story of how we met. I remember it 'cause I was embarrassed for weeks.

No Luck: So you and Erin come into the station [CJSR], and you guys are getting ready to do your show, and you go to do, "Hey, have you heard of the No Luck Club?" We were all surprised and you were like, "They're local," and we're thinking this is a joke or something. I was wondering who put you up to this? Ed, our music director, is sitting in the music library laughing, so we think he's pulling something on us by making you say this.

I had just heard your CD the week before at CTR, and I thought it was so good. I was happy it was local, so I had taken it upon myself to spread the word.

Yeah, so that was how we met. 'Cause we're like, "That's us! That's us!" We didn't even promote the CD. We had just given it away to a couple of people we know. Do you wanna know what we did with this CD demo?

I wanna know how you even

got to that point.

Okay, this is the history of the No Luck Club. Around December of 1999 is when the first stuff actually started forming. We finished this demo thing in May 2000. [It was] the first stuff we ever made so we thought let's send it to some labels. We sent it to labels we had hoped would actually wanna release it. So we sent it to Ninja Tune, Mo' Wax. We didn't receive any responses from any of the European labels.

Who else did you go to?
The Bomb, Ubiquity records, Stone's Throw, Asphodel.

Why didn't you try something closer to home first? Like MacKenzie's label?

We thought we might as well shoot for the stars, see what happens. What we were gonna try to do was get some local press and try to push it that way, maybe try to get a club gig—but then we finished the CD and only made a few copies, burned them at home, so we thought we'd send it out and see what happened. A week later we received three responses. First response was from a label in Boston called Land Speed. They put out a lot of independent hip hop. He listened to it, and he wanted to know what we planned to do with it. We thought, all right, we'll go with him, but then the next day we get an email from 75 Ark. Toni wrote us saying they had listened to the CD,

that Dan [The Automator] had listened, and we should give them a call.

Did you freak out?

Fuck yeah! This was all so crazy. I was working at this internet job and was in New York when we got the email. Matt called me up and was like, "Hey man, guess what happened!" The next day I'm on the phone to San Francisco.

I just read a great interview with Dan the Automator in *Select* magazine. He seems so cool, down to earth, and sincere. I don't think there's anyone better to call you up and say he likes your CD.

Exactly, and even from a producer point of view he's the person I would want to learn from. When we heard this we were flipping.

This is a pretty good story.
And it's funny about the demo. They managed to pick it up from the pile. When we did mailouts we emailed everyone to make sure they even wanted demos. That way it wasn't just a blind mailout—except Ninja Tune, they were a blind mailout. When we were at 75 Ark there were piles of unopened demos. We totally fucked out. Toni said they saw it and were like, "They're Chinese and from Canada!" Me being the suave guy that I am, I wrote her a very nice email in hopes of piquing her interests, and I guess we did. We totally fucked out. •

A couple of local hip hop interviews by Tesla Van Halen and Todd Tomorrow

Freshbread is called Freshbread 'cause he's baked daily. He's from Vancouver, and with the help of Steb Sly and Josh, he creates beats and rhymes. Not bad for a punk kid who used to play with SNFU. Track his stuff down on MP3.com 'cause it's well worth it.

DISCORDER: You were telling me that Freshbread has been an idea for 15 years. **Freshbread:** Basically I was waiting around until I found the right people. I had to wait for Josh to grow up and for Steb Sly to finish up in the video game business. Then I turned a concept into a reality. **What was the path you took to get there?** Something must have happened in the last 15 years. You said you made a track back then? I've made a couple of tracks over the years, but I didn't really have the inspiration until I bumped into Josh and Steb Sly at Studio X. I had made a song called "Fuck the Firemen," which is the Canadian West Coast answer to "Fuck the Police," of course. Took talking about hoses [hose] to a whole new level. Basically it was just finding two people as high on drugs as myself to

work with.

What's Studio X all about?
It's the facility that the Freshbread project is created at.

This is the studio Steb owns?
It's the studio that I work at. It's a post-Audio facility. It's actually a place where film, TV, and video game music is made.

Do you sneak in the Freshbread stuff when everyone goes home for the day?
I've got my little corner where I set up and make beats.

Now you're working on the Freshbread album?

Yep. Now it's album time. It's dark and disturbing [laughter]. Atari Teenage Riot mixed with Harry Belafonte. Some very "Banana Boat"-style songs mixed with aggressive political songs. Gotta mix the banana boats and the politics [more laughter]. **And that's coming out in spring?**
Just in time for the next Body Rock.

Yeah, the last Body Rock was cool. What made you decide to dress up like stormtroopers?

It was actually Josh's idea—not to mention that I always wanted to be a stormtrooper.

We rented these stormtrooper outfits which were quite tight. We were actually Luke and Han dressed up like stormtroopers. **What inspires you to write the rhymes that you do?**

Well, I like to find humour in everyday life. I particularly find humour in the concept of Freshbread itself.

So you're all baked daily then?

Ah, we're all fairly reformed. I'm baked bi-weekly these days. Josh keeps it going daily though. Now I can actually finish the music I start.

You come from more of a punk background...

Yeah, I do. But there are many similarities between punk rock and hip-hop—same sensibilities but different sides of the planet. It all started in people's basements and garages. It's all urban music. There were kids in the inner city that came up with this music. Now, obviously, with the internet kids in the suburbs get it as well. It's no longer urban music alone. •

<http://www.freshbread.tv>

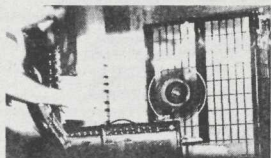


FRESH BREAD

THE BUILDING PRESS

PRESSED FOR DETAILS: INTERVIEW WITH AARON P. SCHRODER OF SEATTLE'S THE BUILDING PRESS BY MELANIE COVEY

"PEOPLE ARE REALLY OPEN TO EXPERIMENTATION NOW, AND BEING PRETTY INNOVATIVE WITH THEIR TOOLS, AND I THINK THAT IS A GOOD, EVOLUTIONARY SORT OF THING."

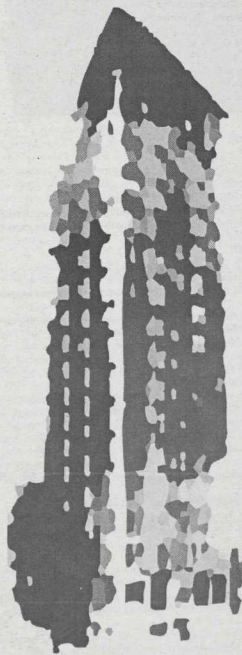


says Aaron P. Schroder, guitarist for Seattle band The Building Press, when I ask about his perception of rock these days. "There's always the classic question, 'What kind of music does your/[that band play?]' and you kind of stand there stunted and say, 'I don't know,' with an arched brow. I like the idea of music that has no title to it." He manages to answer that very same, albeit rephrased, question when I ask him how he feels about The Building Press, and what they are trying to achieve soundwise. "We have lately been composing more textured and structured songs," he says. "Sometimes we have literally composed parts of just straight-up noise that appear to go in no direction. Then it just kind of stops and restarts itself. *The Tablet* [a Seattle 'zine] said we write complicated songs. Some of the most positive feedback that I have gotten to date is that we make a lot of sound for a three-piece. That makes me smile."

The three-piece is comprised of Schroder and his co-conspirators, bassist Jeff Woodke and drummer Jim Acquavella. The band's lineup was completed about a year ago when Acquavella joined Schroder and Woodke, who had already been at work composing a set. Schroder explains, "I met Jeff through a 'musicians wanted' ad, and we hit it off pretty well. We had no specific genre that we wanted to go after, it was just agreed that we would write a set and whatever direction it took was the direction it took. It took some time, obviously, to find the right third piece to complete the project. I think I can speak for everyone when I say we are really happy with the results so far. Jeff and Jim are the anchor to the equation. Solid. We feed off each other."

While their first recording, a five-song self-titled EP, features vocals, the band currently takes a predominantly instrumental approach to music. "We just started writing instrumentals one day, and never really looked back," Schroder says. "I was kind of nervous at first about the perception of the slightly new format, but it really works better now. Some folks don't even really notice the difference—that is to say that the music itself, and not the vox, was and is the focal point."

The Building Press' sound abstracts from Midwestern punk and Chicago-inspired instrumentalism. This is likely owed in part to Schroder's own wanderings and participation in bands around those parts of the US before settling in Seattle just over four years ago. "I have moved a lot, including to Chicago and Minneapolis and other places that most decent folks have never heard of. I had no intentions of staying [in Seattle], but here I am now. I moved to escape shovelling snow, and high natural gas billing." With due respect to his newfound homeland, a stone's throw from *Twin Peaks* territory, he also notes his bandmates' fondness for film composer Angelo Badalamenti.



"WE DO AND HAVE DONE A FEW LIVE SHOWS AT FRIENDS' ART OPENINGS, AND

I THINK THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST ATMOSPHERES FOR LIVE MUSIC. FIRST, IT IS USUALLY REALLY LOUD BECAUSE OF THE COMPOSURE OF THE TYPICAL ART BRIGHT LIGHTS AND VIRTUALLY NOTHING ON THE FLOOR EXCEPT US AND THE NICE FOLKS WHO ARE WATCHING. IT IS A RAW EXPERIENCE FOR ALL INVOLVED."

Schroder sounds enthusiastic about the state of things in Seattle, both for the music scene, and for The Building Press. "I think Seattle has a great diversity of sound to offer an inquiring ear," he says. "We have had the pleasure lately in meeting and doing multiple shows with a few particularly good bands, including *The City* and the Stars, Vermillion, and *The Kindling Collection*—a shameless plug for some of my favourite Seattle bands. It seems that there is a big rock 'n' roll scene. I mean like straight-up AC/DC kind of rock, which really doesn't include us, but nonetheless, the kids just want to rock. The reception we have gotten in past shows has been very promising and positive. It's always interesting to hear any sort of response, especially when it is to something that you have created. We actually even received our very first piece of hate mail via our website. I was personally amazed that we could evoke that sort of emotion out of someone. All opinions are always welcome." Schroder describes how The Building Press also tries to pursue live efforts that allow them to collaborate with their friends in the art community. "We do and have done a few live shows at friends' art openings, and I think this is one of the best atmospheres for live music. First, it is usually really loud because of the composure of the typical art gallery. That is, wood floors, bright lights, and virtually nothing on the floor except us and the nice folks who are watching. It is a raw experience for all involved. Second, it is not a typical show venue, which is really exciting for us. We also try and collaborate with visual artists and the like, by putting out flyers and records with their work included. For example, our next release is going to have some incredible images of sculpture done by our friend H. Mistur. Wait and see."

The three-piece is just finishing production on a new record which will eventually take its name from the final length of the recording. Before that happens though, you will get a chance to check them out live when they return to Vancouver on February 10 to play an all-ages show at the famous Java Joint. Of past visits to our fair city, Schroder says, "Vancouver has always treated us very well. A lot of bands from Seattle don't get up to Vancouver, and that is a shame because in my opinion the scene is good, and the city itself is just really cool. As for the whole all-ages thing, we have only done a handful of shows. The obvious reason being that there just aren't as many all-ages clubs as there are bars. The all-ages shows are really cool for us, because everyone is really into it—the music, that is. People aren't blathering on about drunk topics or trying to get laid, they are watching the show and really paying attention." *

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE BUILDING PRESS CONTACT <BUILDINGPRESS@HOME.COM> OR CHECK OUT THEIR WEBSITE AT <http://members.home.com/buildingpress/>. SEE THEM FEBRUARY 10 AT THE JAVA JOINT, 10729 KING GEORGE HIGHWAY (GATEWAY SKYTRAIN STATION), WITH TRAIL VS. RUSSIA, THE INSTRUMENT, AND GUESTS.

The Gossip are all TALK

The Gossip were kind enough to sit down with DISORDER after playing a show in Olympia, WA to kick off a new tour in support of their latest release, *That's Not What I Heard*, on hometown label Kill Rock Stars.

DISORDER: How did you guys figure out how to find a record label and get your band together?

Beth: It was really accidental. We didn't really look for it, it kinda found us. We just played shows here [Olympia], and they were like, "Okay, do you want to put out a record?" And we were like, "Okay."

And that was it.
What motivates you? What inspires you to play music?
Beth: I really like to sing a lot. I really like to perform a lot. Being able to get things across to kids.

What gets you up in the morning?
Nathan: Alarm clocks.

Beth: Music.

Nathan: I don't think we put any thought into anything we do at all.

[To Kathy:] How long have you been drumming for?

Nathan: Two weeks.
Kathy: Three years. But only seriously for a year. It sounds like you've been hitting the drums harder on this tour, so far, than you did on your last one. Is that a conscious decision?

Kathy: Not really.
Did you teach yourself how to play? Or did you learn from someone?

Kathy: I just did it.

Beth: She knew what sounded good, what she liked.

Are there drummers you look up to, or listen to for inspiration?

Kathy: Janet from Sleater-Kinney and Ringo Starr.

Are you a big Ringo fan?

Kathy: Yeah, I am. He's awesome. He's fun to watch.

When did you guys form, and why?

Beth: We formed in August of '99. There wasn't any real reason, we were just...

Everyone: ...bored.

Beth: They were playing music.

Nathan: And we asked her if she wanted to sing, and she did. And that's all.

Did you ever take voice lessons?

Beth: Never. I don't have to do it. Kathy and I have talked about it a little bit, and I really don't want to do it. Just for the sake of being able to keep my breath, and saving my voice. I don't feel like the singers I look up to ever did it. It's not like, "I am such a good singer that I don't need voice lessons."

No way. No thank you. "It's more like I'm fine with the way I am. The closest I ever came to voice lessons was my mom telling me not to sing through my nose—she would hold my nose so I wouldn't sing through it."

What kind of gear do you use?

Kathy: I play my boyfriend's kit right now. It's a Ludwig. I don't really have a preference.

Nathan: Pawn shop guitars and amps strictly. The more generic the better. The shittiest equipment you can possibly find.

But you were playing a Gibson tonight, or a Guild...

Nathan: No, it was a fake. It was a hundred dollars.

Get out!
Beth: No. It was a hundred dollars in LA.

What kind of amp do you use?

Nathan: A Peavey. I got it four years ago. I don't know how it works.

Beth: You've had it since I've known you.

Nathan: The speakers are hollow. I got it for 80 dollars at a pawn shop in Arkansas. The shittiest equipment you can find is the best to play.

Do you put your guitar through any effects?

Nathan: No. Just a little bit of distortion.

Beth: He is anti-pedal.

Nathan: Anti-pedal all the way. It's like that technology shit.

What do you want people to do when they hear your music?

Everyone: Dance, dance, dance! [laughs]

Kathy: And want to start a band.

Beth: And just fucking think about what they're doing.

Nathan: And let them know how easy it is to start a band. There are no challenges starting a band, getting on a record label, putting out records. No challenge at all.

Beth: That's not even important.

Nathan: Yeah. That's not the important thing. Having fun is the

by cassandra SANTANA

most important thing. People who make a conscious decision to be in a band and put out records, to be popular and famous, are so stupid. They need to quit.

How did you come up with "The Gossip?" Were there any other names that you guys were considering?

Beth: We were the Rock 'n' Roll Fakes.

Nathan: That was a horrible name, oh my God.

Beth: No, it wasn't a horrible name. It was good.

Nathan: It was pretty bad.

How would you describe your music to people who haven't heard it yet?

Beth: Trashy blues punk. Southern trashy



blues punk.

Is that a new genre?

Nathan: Southern trashy blues punk?

Beth: It's trashy, and I really don't want to do it. Just for the sake of being able to keep my breath, and saving my voice. I don't feel like the singers I look up to ever did it. It's not like, "I am such a good singer that I don't need voice lessons."

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are not all ages.

Nathan: And that sucks.

What would you say to a bunch of underage fans who were upset?

Nathan: We are so sorry.

Kathy: So sorry.

Beth: We worked so hard. We are so sorry. We didn't know. This is our first tour by ourselves. Fuck. I hate 21+ shows, they fucking suck. They're fucking stupid.

Nathan: [On the last tour] we ended up playing a lot of shows that were really expensive. We knew we were going to. If you're going to tour with Sleater-Kinney, of course. My ideal tour [would be made up of] shitty little basement shows.

Beth: I want to do a strictly separate tour like that. It just sucks that those kids miss out because of shit like that.

Nathan: If the underage kids show up early, we'll sneak them in.

Are there any towns or venues you're looking forward to playing?

Beth: I really want to play Little Rock, Arkansas. I'm really looking forward to Boston, Minneapolis, and LA.

Kathy: San Francisco, New York.

Is it hard to balance your real life and your band responsibilities?

Beth: I don't see that at all.

Nathan: I don't have a real life. I just have a food service job, and that's all.

Kathy: Batting off the groupies.

Kathy: Yeah, that sucks.

Nathan: And all the record signings. It's so hard.

Beth: There's this boy in Alabama who has the cutest crush on [Nathan]. He keeps emailing me.

Nathan: Really? Sweet. That's awesome.

Do people assume that you're all one way or another?

Kathy: I don't think so.

Beth: That's so true. Kathy gets the boys.

I hear Kathy has a big lesbian following.

Kathy: What?

Beth: Oooh girl.

What about you, Nathan?

Nathan: Substitute teachers like me. Beth gets all the ladies.

Beth: I don't get any ladies.

Kathy: Oh, sure.

Beth: In North Hampton, dyke city. I was single, and I was like, "I'm gonna get some. I didn't get any. [My friend and I] didn't get shit, and it was dyke city."

Nathan: They were like an '80s movie. [Beth's friend] was the jerk, and [Beth] was the nerd.

Do you ever go to strip clubs?

Nathan: Strip clubs are so depressing. I went to one once in Canada with my girlfriend. It was so depressing. It depresses me.

So do you guys do any extracurricular activities, like bowling? Are you big knitters? Do you watch Oprah?

Beth: I crochet.

Get out!

Beth: I crochet like a motherfucker. Doilies? I can crochet like nobody's business.

Have your families been supportive of your careers? Of your boyfriends and girlfriends and all that?

Kathy: I don't think my family really knows what's going on.

They're pretty supportive of me no matter what I do.

Nathan: My family doesn't understand anything modern. They're like Quakers. "Electricity is Satanic!" Zippers aren't Christian either.

Kathy: They're really conservative.

Have they heard your new album? 'Cause it's really sexy.

Beth: My mom loves it. My mom is the dirtiest person ever.

Nathan: She's sexy.

Is your song "Swing Low" about oral sex?

Beth: Yes.

What songs on *That's Not What I Heard* are about sex?

Kathy: "Got All This Waitin'" written by Beth. I don't think that's about sex.

How does your writing process work?

Nathan: Computers.

Do you ask a computer what to do?

Nathan: "Computer: how should I write this guitar riff?" I send emails to my dad. He sends me chords.

Do you plan to cover any songs in the future?

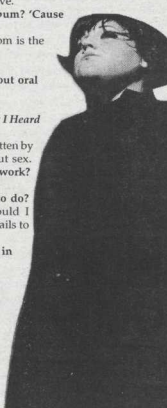
Beth: We want to cover a million things.

Nathan: The Misfits, Ike and Tina.

Do you listen to Destiny's Child?

Beth: Of course.

Nathan: We want to go on tour with Destiny's Child. That's the reason why this band exists. •



sea, cake and sake



interview by clair bowditch
photo by ann goncalves

This dinner thing was not my idea. Delays, however, mean that the boys from Chicago's Sea and Cake arrive in Vancouver late, and they arrive hungry. Juan, their tour manager, hands them 10 Canadian dollars each ("Will this be enough?" one of them says) and says something in the order of "Go have yourself a good time." Next thing I know, our shoes are lined up in a little row near the door and a Kimonoed waitress is gently hustling us to "sit closer together." It's an intimate room: thin paper walls and a distracting Japanese fountain trickling just next to me. I just sat down, for goodness sake.

How am I going to do this? I'm sitting so close to guitarist Archer Prewitt that I can hardly move my mouth, let alone flip through a pad full of questions. And besides, they all look damn tired. I make the announcement: "Boys, I'm tossing the pad." Sweet relief sweeps through the room—it's not easy being prodded, poked, probed all the time, you know? This "interview," therefore, is nothing more than an average dinner conversation between a band and, well, a stranger, with the stranger asking most of the questions. Bon appetit!

John McEntire (drummer, producer, Tortoise dude): I'll have the Sashimi plate.
Eric Claridge (bassist, artist, ex-Shrimp Boat): I'll have the chef's special with the chicken breast.
Sam Prekop (singer, guitarist, also ex-Shrimp Boat): I'll have the bean cake appetizer and salmon teriyaki.
Archer Prewitt (guitarist, cartoonist, ex-Cocotails): I'll have the salmon teriyaki, chef's special.
JM: And maybe a small sake.
EC: Make that two.
AP: Uh oh, you're going down.
SP: It's very potent, you know.
AP: [in his sultriest Southern twang] It's very surreal Eric. You'll lose your orientation.
EC: [to JM] You're a bad influence.
JM: I take the blame.
DISCORDER: Are you tired, John?
JM: I'm really tired.
EC: How could you not be tired? When did we get home?
JM: Four? Three?
AP: They went out for a nightcap.
EC: We didn't find one. Instead we found some really bad food. And that Moby album, playing super fucking loud. [More laughter]
AP: Oh no!
JM: Let us not speak of this again.

And yet it's all we talk about for the next 10 minutes, the general consensus being that it's not really their "cup of tea," shall we say. I decide to sneak in a couple of pre-prepared questions.

Your songs are full of repeated cycles, phrases and riffs reminiscent of mbira and other African instruments. Did any of your study African music?

AP: No. I didn't study music at all, John did.

Where did you study?

JM: At Oberlin College.

Any good?

JM: I guess so.

Where all the "good players" go?

JM: Yeah. It's where those snotty violin-playing kids go. The people who are gonna go into symphonies, that's the sort of school they go to.

And that's the direction you were headed in?

JM: I was a performance major, leaning how to play, when I started

there. I got out of that pretty quickly. Very unpleasant. It's a totally different world. Super super competitive, there's no creativity involved in anything. You're just learning the repertoire and that's it. So it didn't really interest me. I stayed in the music school, but I started doing electronic music. This was between 1987-92. That was sort of a weird time for electronic music, sort of a transitional period I guess, in terms of not only the technology but also the way they were approaching the curriculum as well. It was becoming a lot easier to teach that stuff; it was more accessible. It was becoming much more consumer oriented where as it had always been housed in the academy, so only five schools in the country had the right equipment. All of a sudden it opened up a lot.

AP: It's always difficult to discuss [where the music comes from], but people always want to know it. You could sort of half-heartedly name a few albums that you're listening to at the moment, but it isn't really a coverage of the scope of what you're really interested in.

Who writes the songs?

SP: We all write the songs.

AP: Sam pretty much brings the core of the song to a situation where we three work on adding to it and manipulating it to become more of a proper song, a more fully realized song. It even goes through more changes when we bring it to John in a recording situation, where we decide on the length of things, the structure of things, and then it goes through further manipulation in the recording process. Pro Tools manipulation, where we can move things around a bit. In the preliminary stages it's all pretty intuitive, for lack of a better word, in that we're self-taught musicians. We just slide around the neck until we find the notes that seem right. We don't really know

"Archer credits it to the sake."

what we're doing, but after doing it for a number of years you kind of develop your own chord vocabulary. I guess that's why it's a fairly unique sound.

Does anyone want to tell me how you, um, met?

JM: [to Archer] Come on, you set up a fanciful tale.

AP: Eric and Sam were on this fishing barge... tofu farm... or something. They were living together, and it was after their band Shrimp Boat broke up. They were offered more money to do another record, and Sam decided to maybe work with some other people, and he called me up and set up a little practice, a little get-together, audition.

SP: [Soprano] Next.

AP: He told me that he would call me.

SP: "Please don't... call, um."

AP: We got together and it seemed really solid from the outset. There was a real meshing of styles—we were all inept. It was good. I brought my ineptitude to theirs and it was a wedding... of sadness... and torture. And then we decided we were going to record it a couple of weeks later after barely knowing the material. Luckily John was sort of milling around, working there at the studio. And then he said to the drummer at the time, "Um, maybe I could play a little drums." And then John laid in the fat [John excitedly drums the air] beats. Ooh. Ooh. And the rest is history.

JM: Have some more sake.

I didn't realize the politics were so devastating.

AP: So the band formed in the studio. We weren't even sure if it was going to be a touring or a performing band. I remember the day John played and then on the way home in the car, Sam and I were silent for a while. Then I said [high-pitched Texan accent] "John's greaat!

I'm so glad this worked out... 'cause it was sounding really baad!"

So then you just churned them out for the next few years?

AP: It appears that way because the first record was released in Europe, and it didn't make it to America for a while, and by that time there was already another record. But yeah, we were pretty busy. We were young and hungry.

SP: It took a long time to do *Nassau*, sort of spread out.

What do you do when you're not doing music?

AP: I do a comic book, and I have another band, and I do illustration. Art and music, side by side.

Who does your album covers?

AP: Eric did the Mingus painting in the first, and Sam did photography for *The Exam*. It's hard to say who took the picture of *Nassau*, 'cause we all took photos. It's a little sculpture of Don Quixote or something. Eric owns the sculpture.

EC: It's not a sheep. It was just some weird sculpture that I was given when I was 12 or something, and I mistakenly brought with me from Memphis when I moved up. It's small, but it's heavy. It'd known it was in my bag I would've tossed it out the window, but as it was made it and Sam owns it now.

AP: He's got two of them.

SP: Yeah, I have another one.

How is new music created?

AP: When I'm sitting down to write a song, it is as if I have no control over what happens sometimes. Especially when a song presents itself from beginning to end in a matter of hours, or less. I think "What the hell's that?" I'm happy that it happens, but it doesn't happen that way all the time. You just wonder how your hands fell on the chords the way they did.

JM: Even with your 10-part songs?

AP: Yeah.

Really?

JM: Oh yeah! He's the master.

You notated 10 parts?

AP: Well, usually with those kinds of songs, I don't notate really. I have my own way of writing out the songs, but those songs are more like composed, I guess, bit by bit and then pieced together. I suppose a few times it's happened where from beginning to end even though it feels like a whole lot of changes and crazy stuff going on, it was all written in one go.

There's a photo on the inside of your new album, *Oui*, that reminds me of the hills and the city over Vancouver. You know it?

AP: That's in Kyoto.

But the front of Melbourne.

SP: Brisbane. It was there this time last year, playing solo. I remember the shows in Sydney were better, but everyone told me it would be the other way. But I liked Melbourne. We have a good friend who lives there. She runs a label called Spunk.

JM: There's this band Gerling [from Sydney]—they toured with us, with Tortoise, in Australia. They wear these backpacks, that's their only stage gear.

AP: They're just filled with nothing.

JM: I think someone from Stereolab had one.

AP: Are they a certain kind of backpack?

JM: No, they're just standard backpacks, but they had their logo on it.

Juan [manager]: I like that Melbourne band The Art of Fighting.

JM: What about that band Minimum Chips?

Minimum nothing—the servings are huge. As we collectively stuff our faces, the conversation becomes more and more muffled. After the show that night, Eric tells me that tonight was the best gig he's played in months. Archer credits it to the sake. •



FOLK MUSIC SHOULD WE GIVE A FUCK?

BY
VAL CORMIER



Why is it that the mention of "folk music," even among open-minded music fans, conjures up images of granaola-crunching helicopter dancers and navel-gazing guitar strummers? Are people more comfortable with terms like "alt-country," "roots music," and "worldbeat"? In mid-February, over 1600 delegates from North America and overseas will descend upon the Hyatt at the 13th Annual North American Folk and Music Alliance (aka "Folk Alliance") conference. While it's been described by some a "music festival with elevators," this gathering of the folkie tribes is, first and foremost, a music industry trade show. I surveyed several under-30s who will be attending the conference about the music business and their opinions on folk music.

Jesse Zubot, of local acoustic duo Zubot and Dawson, points out that folk music is "kind of a broad word, I think, and it can include world music. All the Euro stuff, the whole gypsy swing, is technically kind of folk... even Nubly, he sampled those field recordings and he's said that folk is a big influence on what he does. The boundaries are definitely stretching." He notes that their own sound, which they've labelled "strang," goes over much better in larger cities. He doesn't know why this is, but thinks that perhaps anything vaguely resembling old-timey music is not considered "cool" in small towns. The underground music scene, at least in our city, is "definitely into it," according to Jesse. He was pleasantly surprised to overhear comments after a recent screening of the Coen brothers' movie *O Brother, Where Art Thou* about how cool the soundtrack was. "People were walking out and saying stuff like, 'Hey, maybe bluegrass is not that bad.'" As for the Folk Alliance conference, Zubot and Dawson are attending their first one in the enviable position of being one of the few bands selected to play at the official conference showcases. Strangely enough, this instrumental duo was selected for a "singer-songwriter" showcase. "Personally, that doesn't bother me, as long as there's people around," Jesse draws. "We don't really have vocals, but we do write our own songs, so it's not a big deal." He's heard that this conference is "a huge party, and people have a good time. There will probably be a lot of musicians who like to jam."

Jesse's musical partner, Steve Dawson, added his thoughts on the "Is folk music relevant?" issue. "To me, it's partly a question of terminology. Is 'folk music' music that's taken from traditional musics of any sort and then just reshaped? In which case maybe we shouldn't give a fuck. Or is it traditional-based music that we can claw through, take bits and create something new and original? That's definitely more of [the latter] being created in the last five or six years. It's real-

ly relevant music that doesn't get a lot of airplay, but it's important art."

How to meet that challenge? "Well, sad to say, a lot of people have turned away from radio, even college and community radio which does sometimes play really interesting roots music. Alberta has a really cool radio network called CKUA which has a lot of great folk-based programming. We don't have the equivalent here, which makes exposure to that kind of music tough."

Steve has been to a lot of other music industry conferences and offers up his perceptions: "All the others [I've been to] are really 'showcases,' and most of them are not what they cracked up to be. Mostly what happens is that a couple bands get a buzz, they just get screwed into playing for free, and then by seven or eight years into their lifespan, nobody in the industry is taking that conference seriously anymore. Folk Alliance is different, it's not real hype-based. For us it's a chance to showcase in front of a lot of more people that can benefit us professionally."

As for the events open to the public, Steve hopes that people will find out about the Big Night On the Drive (February 15). "Hey, it's a chance for people to get hip to some cool new music from all over, for a reasonable price, and maybe that vibe can continue. It would be great to have an event like that on Commercial every year, maybe even more often."

Another young Vancouver group, the Be Good Tanyas, has been creating a local buzz in the past year, and hopes to spread that buzz around during the conference. Not only is this their first Folk Alliance, but it's their first music conference, outside of a Railway Club gig at last year's New Music West.

Trish Klein, BCT's banjo player, anticipates a "really BIG conference. It's never been hosted here in Vancouver, and I think it's a big deal that it's happening here. I'm totally swamped by hearing about how many musicians are going to be in town, and then there's all the festival promoters, booking agents, etc. As a musician, it could open a lot of doors for us, as a lot of the main people who put together festivals will be there."

Safe to say that BCT would like to play more festivals? "Oh yeah, playing festivals is where it's at," Trish laughed. "For us it's the best way to tour, make some money, have great audiences, make contacts. Once you get into that circuit, more festivals will hopefully book you, and that opens up to touring other countries and Europe."

Like Steve Dawson, Trish wants to get the word out about the Big Night On the Drive: "It's going to be like a folk festival times ten! All over Commercial Drive, instead of just Jericho Beach, a lot cheaper, indoors. Each venue is going to have its own different vibe. And also unlike Jericho, a lot of the venues are licensed."

As for folk music in general: "It's totally relevant, because folk music is our history, it's an evolving art form, and it's the people's music: non-corporate, and written from an honest place. Folk music is hip-hop, reggae, punk, world, and a whole lot more. It draws on old traditions, but at the same time it's always new."

So what might older folkies think of all this? "There's some resistance from older people about the hip-hop/electronic thing, and the idea that folk should only include traditional forms. However, I think those walls are coming down, and it's all a grassroots thing. I think if you want more young people at folk festivals, a good start is to book more bands like Third Eye Tribe, Kinetic Star, and Old D'France. On the other hand, we can learn a lot from old guys like Utah Phillips, who's a really interesting storyteller and not afraid to mock the 'old folksinger' stereotype."

Trish's bandmate, Sam Parton, has been to one Folk Alliance conference previously (Memphis, 1998). "I was performing with Chris Chandler at the time, and we went 'guerrilla-style': hanging out in the hotel lobby, playing in hotel rooms and that sort of thing," she reports. "We didn't get involved in the machinations of that conference, so this time it will be a lot different."

Sam gives another hearty thumbs-up to the "Should we give a fuck about folk music?" question. "Yes! Folk music, roots music, whatever you want to call it, people are becoming more discerning and the increased amount of choices through MP3s and so on is a good thing. People like Beth Orton are even bringing it into the mainstream in some ways, combining roots influences with electronics. Oh Susanna is getting a lot of success across generational lines. The response to BCT from young people has been amazing. Even the recent 'Rock For Choice' event at the Culch. Everything I saw at the hip-hop/spoken word night was definitely folk, and great stuff! It's all grounded in the reality of what we're about. Our generation—communal, not commercialized."

Dugg Simpson, artistic director of the Vancouver Folk Music Festival, may not be under 30, but he has gained a reputation in folk music circles for his forward-looking and open-minded festival programming. Anyone who knows Dugg will not be surprised to learn he has a few strongly-held opinions about folk music.

"I think we are in a folk music revival that makes what happened in the '60s look like a kitchen party, frankly. But this time, so many more of the world's traditions are involved. African tra-

ditions, Cuban, Brazilian, Celtic, etc. Look at rap—it's a tradition that goes back to Gil Scott-Heron and The Last Poets in the '60s, and all the way back to the tradition of the grots in Africa," Dugg points out.

"At the same time, I think we fetishize age to a remarkable degree. It's part of that whole western approach of looking for difference. It works well for marketers, but in the end good tunes are good tunes. Every generation gets behind 'their artists' changes in the tradition and sometimes older people are sometimes going to find those changes a little harder to assimilate."

So how does Dugg cater to younger audiences when programming his festival? "Cater" isn't how I look at it at all—consider, certainly. There are always young artists on our stages. Some years, it's Ryan Moore's Twilight Circus or Kinetic Starr or Dan Bern. Last year it was the young Celtic edge program. At the same time, there are always senior artists on our stages, people in their 60s and 70s. Part of what I like to see on-stage is that connection. This used to be much more of an all-ages planet. It's way too rare in this city, or even this culture, to see people of all different ages getting into music together."

David Jacobs-Strain, a 17-year-old blues guitarist from Eugene, Oregon, will no doubt be one of the youngest participants at the Folk Alliance conference. Although young, white, and raised far from the Mississippi Delta, one of his early guitar teachers put him onto the music of blues greats like Fred McDowell, Lightning Hopkins, Taj Mahal.

"It wasn't an immediate thing, but I was drawn by the ragged honesty of the blues. Structurally, it's simple, but the feelings and raw nature are not simple at all. It's a bit like haiku. And it's powerful for people regardless of their social or ethnic background. I think that anyone with emotions can play the blues. I don't have a problem singing someone else's story, as long as I point out it's their story. I play music that's meaningful to me, that is, it has honesty, soulfulness,

SHOULD WE GIVE A FUCK?



and respect to its original creators."

Teenagers have not been known as a traditional audience for the blues, but David claims quite a few friends his age share his musical tastes. "When my classmates are exposed to it, a lot of them discover that they really like it. Most teenagers are far more open than we get credit for! It's about exposure. On top of that, it's hard to access that age group to get them to come. Folk music, including the blues, can't launch a massive advertising campaign. It has to be a grassroots, person-to-person thing."

Affixing labels such as "folk" to eclectic, acoustic music poses a problem for many young artists. Marc Wakefield of Portland trio Vivian's Keeper finds it frustrating to concisely describe her group's music, for instance. "We're multi-instrumentalists, we play acoustic instruments, but we're not necessarily 'folk' music. We like to think of ourselves as more eclectic, with country/jazz/rock leanings. People see our banjo and assume that we're a bluegrass band. We come across that old-time purist aspect quite a lot, like you have to play 'exactly this way' to be legitimate."

Similarly, Groovely is a young "lush pop" band from New York City coping with the "folk moniker," as keyboard player Brendan Milburn puts it. "We're very much dance-oriented, but we love playing for folk music fans because they pay attention and get all the funny bits in the lyrics. But they can also rock out as much as any club or college crowd."

Member of Groovely had heard about Folk Alliance for some years through the grapevine, but rejected it as "Folk? Ew. One guy (or girl) with an acoustic guitar. Blech. That's not us, we're a rock band." But exposure to folk artist Jonatha Brooke got them thinking. "We would see her play solo when she came to New York, and the performance would be as powerful as when she brought her band. So we thought, if we were to take our songs and play them in front of a 'folk' audience, meaning more quietly but with the same

energy, then maybe we could make something happen here."

In some respects, Ontario singer-songwriter Aengus Finnan, 29, could be a poster boy for what many perceive to be the "status quo" of contemporary folk music. White male, plays guitar, combines covers of traditional songs with traditional-sounding original material. Although his Irish parents were involved with folk clubs and festivals, he never dreamed in his early years that he'd be a folk musician. "For me, it's about the community. I've always loved the folk community, and have found great comfort in it. After a stint teaching up north in Moonstone [Ontario], I went to folk festivals and had a lightning

bolt. I was reminded of a whole other world I'd forgotten about. My sanctuary is folk music and I'm challenged by it. It gives us stories, it gives us truth, excitement, and yes, I think it's a very relevant form of expression. Sadly, it's an unknown world to many in my age group, and so in that respect the audience for folk music is still somewhat sheltered."

Aengus is more business-oriented than most of the musicians I spoke to, and peppers his conversation liberally with buzzwords like "networking" and "career path." "Folk Alliance is an investment in my future," he stresses, "and in some ways it's like a chess game. I've worked hard over the last year to generate attention." To that end, Aengus has arranged two public gigs in local suburban theatres before the conference, will present a workshop during the conference ("Creating Effective Business Plans"), and will perform in the Big Night On the Drive. Not bad for somebody who runs his business from a small basement office.

Kevin So, a singer-songwriter from Boston, hopes to be the future poster boy for contemporary folk. He is also one of the rare SXSW success stories I've heard. Busking on 6th Street in Austin during that conference last year (with his friend Mary Lou Lord) led directly to opening gigs for Billy Bragg on the West Coast in the fall. What does he hope to gain from Folk Alliance? "I'm there to business, I want to make some good connections. If I can upgrade my lifestyle and get to another level, that would be fab. I would like to get out of the DIY thing, get signed to a good label, get a booking agent."

And what about being a visible minority in a predominantly white singer-songwriter scene? "Well, as one of my songs says: 'This job is for a white guy, you know what I mean, Vance Gilbert and me are the only ones on the scene.' Sometimes I wonder if I have more opportunities if I were white and good-looking. But I think the most important thing is to present my point of view with tact and intelligence. I have a different perspective to offer, and I think

many in the folk industry see that."

"But as for 'folk music,'" he pauses, "I play all kinds of styles. I play an acoustic guitar, solo, but if I had more money I would hire guys and have a band. Just like Bruce Springsteen."

Young men and women playing their trade as musicians won't be the only under-30s at this conference. Kerry Bernard is 25 and already a Folk Alliance "vet," having survived previous conferences in Memphis and Albuquerque. She works as a publicist for a musician management firm in Boston, and claims there are many publicists in the industry her age. Although business is her first priority, being a "big music fan" is a bonus. "The first Folk Alliance I went to I nearly freaked out, there was so much great music."

Dominic Lloyd, 29, will be travelling to Vancouver from Dawson City, Yukon, where he is the "artistic director, office monkey—you name it" for that city's summer music festival. "I think folk music is relevant... people can like both music and folk music, for different reasons. People are often put off by the 'f' word (folk) because they picture white guys with guitars. But it's more than that! Blues, country, worldbeat, anything where storytelling is the focus."

The Perkins, a singer-songwriter from Oregon, will be directly involved in the conference as organizer of a showcase called "New Blood," which she describes as "a collection of us 20-somethings and Wild Women of the West." She'll also be moderating a session called "The New Youth Movement In Folk," which, she says, comes as a result of discussion at last year's conference about why there aren't more young people involved in the folk community. "I think Folk Alliance is doing a great job in their attempts to make younger folks feel welcome. One of the functions of Folk Alliance is to foster community, to provide the place and the time to allow folks to get together and solve their own problems, build their own castles, and that's what they've done here."

Folk music. Should we give a fuck, anyway? I leave the final comments to Dugg Simpson: "Fucking right we should! That do you want to do? Leave the future of music up to the five major global music corporations? Hello cheese food! Hello musical mad cow disease. Anybody who loves music should give a major fuck—whether you're a player or a music lover or working with it, because all the great music draws on traditions. This music has been polished by generations of artists, each one of whom was hip, hot, and happening while they were alive. They pushed it and polished it, and this is what we have inherited. It's an amazing gift! Are we not going to cherish it, bring it another generation forward and pass it on? For me, it's cultural ecology. Enjoy this gift from our ancestors, and celebrate the fact that these traditions are alive today." *

THE FOLK ALLIANCE CONFERENCE: PUBLIC EVENTS

Some of the best music at the Folk Alliance conference will take place not only at official delegate-only showcases or informal after-hours jams, but at public events! Roots music fans of all ages should take note of several exciting events in mid-February.

Dugg Simpson of the Vancouver Folk Music Festival is one of the local committee members who are helping ensure that many of the world's finest folk musicians will have opportunities to perform in public while they're in our fair city.

"Vancouver is a centre for all sorts of roots music activity," he notes.

"In some ways this conference might help make that clear to people here, which is a good thing. We Canadians don't celebrate our accomplishments much... we just kind of go along and don't pause to just go 'Hey, this is an amazing scene you know!'"

The Folk Alliance conference has meant that a lot of people in the roots community have started talking to each other and are now working together. Artists, fans, presenters—which might not sound like a big thing, but it is if it's not happening."

"So far that has translated into the World Ceilidh at the Commodore; the Really Big Night on the Drive which will involve 120 groups and solo artists in 22 venues all on one night, and the creation of the Vancouver World Music Collective. All sorts of artists from different traditions working together to make a splash at the conference and now looking into ways they can work together afterwards. It's a pretty good beginning!"

On behalf of the local committee, Dugg invites one and all to come and hear some great music for a reasonable price in mid-February. "On Valentine's Day, the Commodore will have 5 bands for \$25; they're all great dancing bands. On the Drive the following night (Feb. 15), a \$16 wristband gives you a choice of 22 different venues full of music and a free shuttle bus between them. In the long term, there's already talk of trying to do another night on the Drive next year. This town could use a bit of fun in any given February, couldn't it?"

For more info on these events, call the Info Hotline at 878-6688, or see <http://www.vancouver.cbc.ca>. Advance tickets for all events are available at Ticketmaster. Highlights Records, Black Swan Records and Virgin Megastore.

World Ceilidh (Wednesday, February 14) Commodore Ballroom

Richard Wood (PEI) and J.P. Cormier (Cape Breton) serve up a blistering array of Maritime tunes.

The Puente Brothers (BC)—Hot Cuban dance music from twin brothers from Cuba who now call Victoria home. Their quintet features electric fiddle, guitars, trumpet, brilliant percussion, and wicked vocal harmonies.

Gjallarhorn (Finland)—This powerhouse Nordic world music quartet combines didgeridoo with thundering percussion and the haunting sounds of the Norwegian Hardanger fiddle.

Joachim Diaz (Quebec)—A Montreal-based accordion virtuoso, Joaquin and his dynamic band size with merengue music from the Caribbean.

Lunasa (Ireland)—This Irish instrumental "supergroup" will perform high-energy dance tunes from the Emerald Isle and beyond.

A Really Big Night On the Drive (Thursday, February 15)

22 theatres, halls, community centres, clubs and restaurants in the Commercial Drive area play host to the biggest night of folk, world and roots music Vancouver has ever seen!

Truly something for everyone: from "Articulate Anarcoustic" (Tippy A Gogo, Geoff Berner, Ford Pier, and Joe Keithley) to "Pickin' and Singin'" (Zubot and Dawson, Be Good Tonya, Cathy Fink, and Mancy Mawer) to "Global Village" (Cordes en Folie, Hawaiian

Slack Key Guitar Masters, Amir Koushkan, Realtones) and more...

Free Downtown Folk Event!

Feb. 13, 16 at CBC Studio One (700 Hamilton), noon to 2pm.

Feb. 13: Salvador Ferreras, Amir Koushkan, Francois Houle Trio

Feb. 14: Filippo Gembetta, Cordes en Folie

Feb. 15: Celso Machado with Qui Xia He, Karelia Folk Music Ensemble

Feb. 16: Quebec artists—Tess, Vespe de Loup, Michael Jerome Besse

Feb. 16 at Carnegie Centre (401 Main St.), 10:30 am Special guests: Vain City, Rick Scott, and Tim Readman join the Carnegie Song Circle for an informal morning of old-fashioned song swapping. Prepare to participate!

Feb. 16 at Vancouver Public Library (150 West Georgia), 11:30 am James Keelaghan, Mad Pudding, Zubot and Dawson, Jean Hewson & Christina Smith will perform in the Promenade.

Silkworm



PHOTO BY MIKE HOFFMAN, JR.



Tim Midgett
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 190 lbs
Position: First Bass / Baritone guitar

DISORDER: How would *Lifestyle* have been different had Ms. Heather Whinna not been there to "produce" it?

TIM MIDGETT: As Heather puts it, she basically set upstairs in her pyjamas watching TV most of the time. Which is true. But every now and again, we'd get stuck, something would not be working, so we'd call her down and she'd always fix whatever the problem was. For example, "The Bones" was much improved by her suggestion to leave out the electric guitar on the first verse.

People have said that Silkworm's songs are either about women, Montana, or something else that makes no sense at all. Where is your presidential rally song? Do you consciously separate the rock from your own political views?

I have written some songs that are sort of political, if elliptically so. I don't divorce it from the rest of my life, but something needs to be vital on an emotional level for me to get a song out of it. And I can't say I have felt especially moved by anything political for many years, with the recent and notable exception of the Florida debate in the presidential race. Maybe there will be a song or two to come out of that, then.

My friend Spencer and I agree that "Plain" is one of the best songs you've ever written. He describes it as sounding "sleazy." I think it's about the relationship between you and your wife. So it's a sleazy song about your wife. That doesn't sound right. Please clarify what "Plain" is about.

Well, first, thank you. I like that one a lot myself.

I don't like a lot of pop songs about long-term romance because they tend towards soul mate, love-of-my-life stuff, the kind of dippy crap that deludes people into thinking they need to search the world o'er to find their one true partner. "Plain" is meant to depict a situation in which things are not that complicated. I think it's a realistic situation, one that mirrors my own and most other healthy, enduring romances I know of. I just think it's possible to be clear-eyed and logical and still be in love, and that it's not disheartening to acknowledge that tying yourself to one person does involve a fair amount of compromise and sacrifice. I wanted to at least touch on all of that in that song, and I guess I did.

However, I wanted the baritone guitar to sound sleazy, and I made some of the lyrics rather blunt, so probably you are both right in my estimation.

JK Manlove wrote the liner notes to *L'ajre* and the intro to *Lifestyle* in the press kit. He has a strange way of writing where he constantly quotes himself. Is he a famous rock star in Ohio? Is Ein Heit really popular in Cleveland or something? With a name like "Manlove," is he a parody of a rock star? Tell me some about Mr. Manlove.

JK Manlove is a very talented writer and singer. He is also a believer in self-mythologizing, and he's good at it. We are not so good at it, so lucky for us that he is on our side.

You were listening to Neil Young's "Don't Cry No Tears." You felt inspired to write a song. You took the opening riff from the aforementioned song, sped it up, and made it heavier. "Cotton Girl" was the end result. True or false?

Ah ha! Good guess. I love that song, and other people have made it redundant to cover. I could play "Don't Cry No Tears" right now if I picked up a guitar. I think there is a good portion of it in there.

Silkworm's newest album, *Lifestyle*, is better than their last three albums combined, better than Radiohead, and much better than the last World Series.

This is an email correspondence with Tim, Michael (home team: Mariners) and Andy (Cubs or White Sox), the all-star Silkworm line-up.

Consciously, however, I wrote "Cotton Girl" by trying to play the Supremes' "Come See About Me" by ear. If you listen to them back-to-back, it's probably pretty obvious. So let's call it a blend of Neil and the Supremes.

Temporary Freedom, Punchdrunk, Blatant, Rockamundo, Stampede, C/Z, El Record, Matador, My Pal God, Moneyshot, Touch and Go. What is the difference between all of these labels (besides the fact that half of them don't exist anymore)? Why not make it Permanent Freedom?

It's too much work to put out our own records. I mean, if Touch and Go called it a day, we'd probably do it ourselves at this point, but I don't particularly enjoy the daily work involved.

To answer the first part of your question: Vanity labels: Stampede, C/Z, half of Matador. Formed out of desperation: Temp Freedom. Best intentions: El Record, half of Matador. Why not? Punchdrunk, Blatant, Rockamundo, My Pal God, Moneyshot. Lifers: Touch and Go.

I finally found a copy of the Engine Kid/Lecubum split 12" that you play trumpet on. What happened to Engine Kid, and will you ever write a Silksworm song with a trumpet part?

Engine Kid broke up a long time ago. Greg, the guitarist, is in Gotsnake, the heaviest band in Los Feliz. Kruffy, the bass player, is an electrician. Jade, the drummer, was drumming in some lame bands last I heard.

Perhaps I will break out the trumpet sometime, now that you mention it.

Rumour has it that you like Bryan Adams. Please take this opportunity to defend yourself.

"Like" is a relative term. Certainly, I find things to appreciate in some of his music.

Reckless, for example, is a prototypical sludge album. By way of definition, sludge is popular music made by hacks operating at their very limits, and it always aspires to be much more impressive than it actually is. Commonly, there is much to like in sludge, especially that of the hard rock variety: lotsa riffs, lotsa hooks, lotsa funny misapprehensions about life to hold one's interest. Occasionally, isolated facets of actual quality will exist, like the Rod-like graininess of Bryan Adams' voice. And in fact many fans of a record like *Reckless* will swear that it is the grand achievement it aspires to be and is not the aural equivalent of a Mylar balloon that the rest of us appreciate.

As involved as a description of sludge must necessarily be, one's love of it is simple. Do you explain and turn up the radio when "Run to You" is played, laughing and singing along at the same time? Then you understand sludge. Not everyone does understand it, and to tell you the truth, those who do not may be better off.

Is Alex Rodriguez a jerk? (Let me remind you that he said that the Mariners gave him "no choice," he gets his hair cut every ten days, and he's best friends with Derek Jeter who is committing one of Man's greatest sins by writing an autobiography.)

Mmmmm, I'm still barely inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. But the evidence is piling up in favour of "jerk." If he brags about his contract one more time, then I am solidly in your camp. It's true enough that I wish the Rangers ill for having signed him.

A friend of ours works for the publishing company who is putting out Jeter's book. She knows him, like on a first-name, kiss-on-the-cheek basis. Which is pretty weird when you think about it.



Andy Cohen

Height: 6'9"

Weight: 163 lbs

Position: Lead Guitar

DISORDER: My favourite guitar solo of all time is yours in "Groto of Miracles." What is your favourite solo, your own or otherwise?

ANDY COHEN: It's too hard to pick one. Some favourites: "Dick" by Sonny Sharrock, "Little Wing" from The Jimi Hendrix Concerts, "Since I've Been Loving You," on the Led Zepplin BBC Sessions. Many by Angus Young, Steve Albini. As far as my stuff goes, I'd say the "Scruffy" is the first thing I really liked a lot that I played.

Yngwie J. Malmsteen just released his 13th full-length album called *War to End All Wars*. Do you see any value in playing fast for long periods of time?

I don't think there's any value in anyone other than Yngwie playing fast for entire concerts. That's his gig, and he does it better than anyone. I saw him last year and it was mesmerizing.

What is the main difference between your Stratocaster and Les Paul when you play them through the same amp? What kind of song will make you play one instead of the other? (I'm assuming it's not a tuning thing. You're not the Sonic Youth for Christ's sake.) There is not much difference discernible to anyone other than me. I should probably just play one or the other all the time, voluntary simplicity and all that.

Who is "Motorhead," and why is he "coming for you?"

Motorhead is the speed freak who lives down the street from where he lives down the street from. Motorhead doesn't need a reason to "come for you."

"Roots" seems to be a song about going "home." What do you miss about Missoula? What is stopping you from going back there instead of writing songs in Chicago about how much you miss it? I miss the absence of traffic and that small town laid-back lifestyle. If I actually went back to Missoula, I'd probably bitch about how I missed the city. Why not go back now? I'm too snooty to take any job currently available there.

How does the band work when you're in Chicago? Do you trade tapes through the mail? Play songs over the phone? Or do you wait until you're all in the same city before you introduce a new song?

Our albums are now recorded at La Prince. Whoever wrote the song plays all the instruments and records it himself. No need for the other members. We don't usually reveal that so as to keep the band's mystique intact.

Tim and Michael are very active in updating the SKWM website. You rarely write anything for it. Why not?

That's because I don't really exist. The Motorhead came for me a long time ago, and now Tim and Michael pick up the slack.

Mr. John Lee of Seam has stated that you are in a band with him called Mirror America. Please divulge some details on this project.

The band is actually called Yellow Stallion in honour of John Lee's awesome virility. This name change was not my idea, but now that it has been put forth, I'm all for it.

What is wrong with eBay?

They haven't figured out a way to get pictures of all the stuff I want to sell on there without requiring me to work. That and they offer stuff that makes me want to buy it despite the fact that I don't really want or need it. I've made some mistakes on eBay.

Michael Dahlquist

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 175 lbs

Position: Drums

DISORDER: Do you sing the beginning of "The Bones"? It's definitely Tim by "shouldn't care who knows it now," but I figure you had to quit then because you couldn't sing that high.

MICHAEL DAHLQUIST: Nope—it's Tim all the way through. What do you say of Tim or Andy present you with a bad song? Not being the song writer, how much "say" do you have?

It depends on my mood, I guess. If the songs are just kind of bad, I'll generally try to play something that emphasizes the "badness," and anyone else will get an idea of how kooky it is, and we won't play it anymore. If a song is REALLY bad, I'll usually just not play at all—or maybe I'll click the song off, they'll start playing, and I'll not play at all. Eventually they won't bother trying. In this sense I have a lot of say in which songs we choose to play.

What usually happens is a lousy song will be worked to death, played relentlessly until all three of us give up, or until we decide it needs to be acoustic.

When will we hear the sequel to "Shithhead"? (Forget "Who Let the Dogs Out," "Shithhead" was the original barking masterpiece.) Do you write songs anymore?

Was there barking on "Shithhead"? Someone once thought it was a homosexual love poem: "All I want now is some man to come and press his lips against me." It was actually about Sinead O'Connor's breasts. Maybe that's why I never wrote any more songs. But I've thought about writing songs. Singing in the Crust Brothers is the most fun ever. I want more. In my experience, though, song writing is terribly difficult. It's a little like writing poetry, and that's about the most difficult thing ever. I suppose people are more forgiving if the lyrics suck in a song but no way. I'll probably try it again at some point, though—I've always thought it would be fun. If Andy and Tim were better songwriters it might be easier.

Why are there no drums on "Roots" or "The Bones"?

Drums made both these songs sound like garbage. I got no subtlety! That's not really true, but these songs sounded better with nothing. Silksworm's career is well documented on your website. You tell us when the shows are, you answer stupid questions posted on the message board—hell, you even tell us about smoking hash with the Crust Brothers. Maybe that's why I don't want to update information on-line are print interviews like this one becoming obsolete? It feels like there's something you want to tell us, you'll just post it on the website. Do you need jackasses like me to probe you?

It's true there's lots of information on the Web, but it's like if every time you released your paper it came on top of a box containing every other issue of the paper ever written. It's a little overwhelming when you might just want to pass some time on the shitter.

The stuff on the website is always going to be funnier than the stuff in an interview. I guess you rock journalists have to write about something, though.

With the demise of *The Rocket* and murals of women masturbating for "Playa's Night" at the Starfish Room, do you think people are losing interest in rock music? Does it seem like less people come to your shows?

Women don't masturbate. At least not the ones that come to our shows. It seems like people are losing interest in rock to some point, but they still come to rock shows. I mean, it's not like they ever came to ours in droves, and generally a few more people come each time we play (except this last trip to California—never tour on Christmas weekend). They say the kids all like the electronic music now, though, don't they? Maybe rock is dead. Fuck.

Why don't you play all-ages shows?

Because all the kids like electronic music now.

Could you imagine recording with anyone else but Albini? Is it possible to make your kick drum sound any better?!!

We actually recorded *Blueblood* in my basement with our friend James Hale recording. We mixed at Steve's but James did a very good job. I'd generally say no, I can't imagine recording with anyone else, but it's possible.

I've got to say, you should find that CD single we did for Matador with the George Jones cover on it. It's just drum and bass, and the bass drum is this 48" kick drum from the civil war, and it's completely out of hand. I don't know that anyone other than Steve would let such a thing happen in his studio, or know how to get it on tape, but it's completely out of hand, and I'm glad he did. When you're playing live, with or without your shirt on, whose ass is more inspiring? Tim's or Andy's? They actually both have pretty nice asses. They really do. I think Tim's is a little meatier but Andy's is very nice as well. Generally, though, I look at their asses and I can only think of my own fine, fine ass. *

**By Christa Min
Drawings By Aaron Carpenter**

2001 February 17



Simon Fisher Turner

by Bleek

Simon Fisher Turner began his life on this earth in 1954 when the gods conspired to create an exceptionally gifted, kind, and humble human. This was not to be the only time that Simon Turner would be born—he's been reborn a half a dozen times during his lifetime. Though Turner remains relatively unknown to most of the world now, he was a celebrated young actor and a bubble-gum pop idol in the early '70s, described as "best young actor" by Britain's *Bravo* magazine. He had a few hit singles and was eventually slated to take the spot vacated by David Cassidy as Keith Partridge's English cousin. Over the course of time, and through exposure to some more worldly vices, Simon discovered that he was "shit." This is where the story takes on an entirely different direction. He began to see real rock 'n' roll bands, developed a mind of his own, and ventured out as an artist on his own terms.

In the last 20 years, Simon has released dozens of albums in a dizzying array of genres. He's made soundtrack music for esoteric filmmaker Derek Jarman, produced music for fashion shows, released startlingly daring works as SFT, appeared as The King of Luxembourg on El Records, and is also Lovelatter and Monday Sinclair of Siesta recorder's Reverie and If sub-labels. Turner was also the creative mind behind the spazzy-pop of Bad Dream Fancy Dress, a forerunner of the sound revisited by *Girifredo* and *Le Tigre*.

Rarely has one person ever lived the "right place, right time" cliché like Turner has. Turner has recently released *Travelcard*, an album of artistic experiments that eludes classification.

DISORDER: I've read your short bio on the Mute website. You claim to have been a pyromaniac and a thief. What kind of trouble did you get into in those days?

SFT: Petty theft and arson, as I said. At my parents' dinner parties I'd go through their guests' coat pockets, stealing from shops in Carnaby Street. I once climbed into an office in the West End, up three floors of scaffolding, into an office window, looked around, and left them an note about the lack of security. [I] always [had] a dream to steal a Bentley or Rolls Royce. Walking home one night I got into a Rolls Royce, found a passport, driving license, money, etc., and beautiful Schaefer pen. Left the lot, had a sleep, and went off in the morning, having left a note again. I've never burnt a building down, but fire is an attractive element. Bonfires, the blue flames, smell, danger. No more pyro for me, thank you.

How did you get involved in television and what programs were you on at the time?

I went to a drama school. Arts Educational Trust. It sounds like an office, but it was a ballet school. 90% gals, 10% boys. We had

fun and the school had an agent. I spoke, as they say, "the Queen's English." Toshi, if you like. So I got radio work initially, then the TV started, mainly for the BBC: *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *The Silver Sword*, *Wings*, *The Long Chase*. Mainly kids' serials. I left school to concentrate on doing this acting. It seemed a ridiculous way to live. I earned more than my pa, a submarine captain.

Eventually you were voted best actor in Europe by *Bravo* magazine. What is *Bravo*, and what were the circumstances of the award they granted?

Bravo was, and still is, the biggest teen mag in Europe. I was, as I say, doing rubbish, which seemed to be promoted in the right way, so pin-up I became. Ironically, the year I got the award I was a healthy 20-something drinker. I enjoyed my classes and drugs being sent to my hotels on location in advance. Ludicrous, but amusing in an odd kind of way. The acting meant I traveled the globe and worked extremely hard. It's not a piece of cake.

Those brilliant idea was it to get you behind the mic, which led you to being declared "Britain's answer to David Cassidy"?

A man: Jonathan King. A self-styled writer of crap-pop. It's true then, that you had thousands of girls chasing you in those days?

Girls chased. I had bodyguards on record signing occasions: Fat Fred and Harry the Plank. They went on to fame and fortune as Zeppelin and Deep Purple heavies. I was young and believed it all. Sex with the odd—but very nice—fan was okay, but I'm sure I never took too much for granted.

Why did Sid Vicious kick you in the balls?

Jealousy. I could get into a club in Margaret Street. The Spookasy. He couldn't. I was drunkish, and he just kicked the shit out of me. Hurt too.

It was true that John Lydon gave you advice to do your own thing, and did that advice steer your direction?

Mr. Lydon and I shared an afternoon in the Roebuck Pub on Kings Road one summer's day. He really is the man. Very, how d'ya say, concise. And pure. We talked money, commercialism, beer, fame, being on TV, etc. He sums up, for me, the spirit of what punk was supposed to be, which was, be yourself, unique. Don't be a sheep and follow the herds. I'm glad to see he still seems to believe this. How long were you a member of The The, and how did you meet Matt Johnson?

A year or more, maybe two. I met him through Cherry Red, the publishers. Mike Alway employed me in the office as I was starting to make music. We got together with Colin Lloyd Tucker [his old friend from the Gadgets] and went out as a three-piece. No drums. We all had number one haircuts and wore jumpers. I love Matt's guitar playing. I wish he'd play more. A unique style. Nice man, too. I see him about once a year.

Is this around the time that you met Bruce Gilbert of Wire?

Yup. Cherry Red and Mute had offices in the same building. Bruce did a record called *Mzui*, and a cool exhibition in a space in Waterloo. I went along and we got on, still do. He's tall, with a strikingly dry sense of humour. He always comes up with glorious surprises for me, and my music needs a little pushing sometimes. You were also somewhat involved with the Go-Betweens and recorded their "Lee Remick." Were the Go-Betweens part of the El label at any time?

Cherry Red published the Go-Betweens. Lindy drummed on the *Royal Bastard LP*, and yes, "Lee Remick" was a song we did. They asked Colin and I to sing for them, which was fun, if you could get through the arguments with the boys. I like them very much. We tried writing together but came up with rambling drunken song texts instead.

Can you share with me what you had in mind with "Deux Filles"? The idea came to me in a dream: How to get a record released—pretend to be a girl [group]. Colin kept me musically sparse. We had rules and managed to play live once without anyone knowing our secret.

As time went on you met your hero Derek Jarman and recorded

several soundtracks for his films. How did Derek's death effect you?

Deeply. I'd worked with him on six films. I think about him a lot and miss him. We had an odd relationship. I never socialized with him, just work or visits to the cottage. I could go on for ages. A wonderful warm man. I miss his eye and commitment to his arts. A rare animal.

Reportedly there is a film that Jarman shot of an El live show. Is there any chance that this might surface at any time? I need to see this!

Yup. I got a call yesterday. It's in a warehouse in North London. What are the basic differences between the King of Luxembourg, Lovelatter, and Monday Sinclair [Simon's alter egos]?

The backing band. I hardly play on Monday Sinclair or Lovelatter. KOL was a lot of me doing guitars etc. Tapes, voices. The rest, I'm just the singer.

Was there ever any talent behind Bad Dream Fancy Dress besides your own?

The girls were a hoot. Both had different voices, but they were a laugh. Not stupid, they had balls. We all slept together while recording the LP. No sex between us. We had respect. They were funny, amusing, and liked a beer.

Please share an amusing story about Momus, or if not amusing, tell us something we may not know about Nick.

Nick has just done some songs for a film called *Lowdown*. He is also dry and clever and okay.

You have met an enormous amount of your own personal heroes and plenty of mine. Is there someone you would like to have met that you never have?

Hmm... Stravinsky, Arco Part, Guy Gibson, Oppenheimer, Mr. Ferrari, Architects, Oliver Sacks, Marco Polo, Quentin Crisp, Scott Walker (for his tilt and Poleax music).

On the *Sunshine Pop* compilation from Cherry Red, you tell an interviewer that you would have probably been a "successful, rich bastard" if you had achieved the kind of status of someone like David Cassidy. Do you mean that?

Yes. Dead too, probably. It took a long time to become me.

Also, uh... I heard, through several sources, that you are gay. What gives?

Bisexuality is the bee's knees. Just love whomever you love, honestly.

You recorded a cover of Public Image Ltd.'s "Poisons," obviously as a response to Lydon's critical analysis of pop music, right? Can you shed more light on this?

I enjoyed the Englishness of the lyrics and thought it would get Lydon's nose too. The idea of strings on a Public Image song seemed a good idea. Still is.

I, being American, missed all the Simon Turner news during the last few decades, so what was the story of you being Britt Eckland's "toy boy"? What the fuck?

Who gives a fuck? Not I.

Sorry. I've really no idea what any of this is about. Don't even know who Britt is. Just going on a quote from an El compilation. She was married to Peter Sellers and lived with Rod Stewart for years.

Is there anything that you have that I can get my hands on, like Bad Dream outtakes? Rare vinyl of "Sir" or "Royal Bastard"? Something of that nature?

Always and I are working on a massive CD selection. The world of (various) SFT. Everything will go into the CD, and I'll edit, mutilate and churn out a messed up version of my life.

Tell me something about Mike Alway and your work with him. What is listen and trust him. I'm a good dog, really.

I always list that Alway is particularly looking for in these songs? Englishness, and the Queen's English pronunciation.

What is your latest solo project? CD for Lowlands. Also *Travelcard*, for Sulphur Records, with Scanner.

FAT GIRL ON THEIR JOCKS:

ULTIMATE FAN-GIRL JULIE C. DROOLS OVER

(UH, I MEAN, INTERVIEWS)

KID606, CEX, AND LESSER

Kid606 thinks Vancouver's cold, And he's got issues with us college radio types. Thankfully, he approves of *DISCORDER*. He disapproves of nepotism, except maybe if it's people he's signing to his own label, Tigerbeat6. He probably doesn't need any more groupies than he's already got, as everybody's on his side these days, but I did my best to get on board the young electronic train that he's conducting across our fine continent. Cex and Lesser had a thing or two to tell me about their roles in all this mechanic/electric mayhem, and Kid606 spewed an awful lot of his guts about what keeps him busy from dusk until dawn. These men get to jet-set all over the world to play shows to adoring fans, and they don't think a thing of it. But they're not rock stars. They're a new breed, young guns with their hands on the mouse. Says Kid606, "I'm 21, but [Cex is] only like, 19. We're all pretty young." No kidding.

Don't go feeling all old and decrepit if you're fully legal and have yet to establish yourself as a major player on the music scene. Lesser just released his first record on Matador, and he's over 25. Wow. Oh, and speaking of "wow," there's a reason this ain't no transcribed interview. I really am a big dumb-headed fan. Listening to my interview with Kid606 was one of the most painful things I've had to do in recent months. Ooh! Aah! Most fans are fascinating! Those of you who are new to this young electronic posse, or are already a little bit friendly and familiar, may be awed as well by the wisdom of those so young yet so wise to the business. And, if you refuse to see their wisdom, you can at least enjoy their keen senses of humour and ability to spew forth fantastic vendettas with grand enthusiasm.

Case in point: Cex's response to my asking why he thinks he's funny, and whether it's because he's a teenage boy:

"I doubt it, because there are tons of teenage guys who aren't funny at all. A lot of them are making electronic music, in fact. They're trying to be all stone-faced like the big weenies from Britain and Florida who make electronic music. But I'm very glad you noticed that tension between oldness and funniness... specifically, that old things and people are serious, they like things done in old-man ways, and they don't like things stirred up, and they HATE "fun" and "humor" and any time something is funny or entertaining or makes you want to dance, they spit on the ground and mumble something about how nothing that's funny or that people like is worth your time because it's a joke and because no one could possibly be serious about making people laugh. Fuck that."

I could stop there, but why? This boy's got a story to tell.

"Cex is definitely not here to kiss old-man ass as is true on old-man labels and put out records the old men can go off-clap to in their old-man magazines. Cex is turning down the nursing home. I have a philosophy that I'm trying to live, and hopefully when I'm on top of the world, sipping Little Hugs in the limo on the way to the MTV

Music Awards, other people will take my philosophy to heart and start living it too, and making the world a better place. And that philosophy, the one that's going to switch the industry, is this: I'm not an artist, I'm an entertainer. So here's what's in for the year 3000: hooks in your songs, endearingly embarrassing photos of you on purpose in your album, audio of your real voice on the record."

Yeah! Kick it to the Man in his big fat pants! Not only does Cex have a funny (in that tee-hee kind of way) stage name, but Ryan Kidwell's got a funny way of looking at things. He's young and he's proud!

So is Kid606. He's proud of what he's accomplished in so few years. Starting at age 14, he made do with whatever gear he could get his hands on, working his way up to the golden glory of the Macintosh computer. Scoffing at those stuck using PCs (except for Dat Politics, who use "really cheap PCs...[and] two pieces of software" and are his favourite), Kid606 has turned his gear manipulation into a fine art form that keeps the cash rolling in.

Not too long ago, Kid606 got it into his head to start his own label, Tigerbeat6, funded by the first *Kid606andfriends* compilation and Kid606's outside efforts, has released CDs by Cex, Electric Cinema, and Blectum from Blectum, to name but a few. "Everyone wants their own label, but nobody wants to do the work. Everyone wants to work on their music career, but I don't need to do much to sustain my music career anymore, so I can work on a label and help other people!" Kid606 finds time in his busy schedule to forward the careers of young electro-punks like himself who haven't yet gotten the attention he has received.

"I don't want to release my own stuff. If I have to release it, it's just not that good. I hate most labels, most labels suck, but I'm lucky enough to work with some of the grooviest labels." So Kid606 is a little edgy about label issues. That didn't stop him from hooking up with Mike Patton's Ipecac label and France's uber-hip Mille Plateaux. He's working on a Depeche Mode remix, and there's no way that's not major-label. Lesser's new album, *Gearhead*, is on Matador. What's going on? These guys are getting love all across the board, with labels jumping to get a piece of the action. Do these labels know what they're getting into?

Lesser's albums hurt my ears. Apparently, they sometimes hurt his own as well. "Ya, actually... I'm prone to migraine-like pains, but I think it's more likely that I have some sort of degenerative disease than the power of my music to kill brain cells. It just ain't that good." Maybe. It's up for debate as to whether high-pitched frequencies are good for brain activities. If that's the case, then everyone should get their hands on Kid606's *P.S. I Love You LP*, if only to increase SAT scores. The sounds being made here are outta control, when you'll excuse the lameness of the statement. Can't but help and get excited when the beats hit the fan.

One release that got us (not the royal "we" — I swear others like it too!) all giddy was the *Attitude* compilation on Tigerbeat6. How great is a cute little 3" CD of fucked-over NWA and Easy E songs? Marvellously great. Ridiculously great. Kid606 butchers "Straight Outta Compton," and gets

his electronic wizard buddies to take on 13 other lucky songs. Lesser's "Fatgirl On My Jock" presses all the right buttons, and, apparently, covers a subject he's more than a little familiar with. "Everyone knows that the girls go for sticky electronic musicians," says he, and I don't even think he's joking.

And so a guitar in hand is finally being replaced, in some circles, by a laptop as the new desirable instrument of a performer. This is not to say that hair groupies have died out (just go to an emo show, they're there now), but only that fans are embracing a new stage aesthetic. The girls get it too, don't worry. Poor Blectum from Blectum gets dragged to movies by all kinds of weird fanboys. Kevin and Blevin, the two hotties in the control seat for the mayhem and destructive/horrific sound collage action of the band's *De-Saturated Haus* release, are doing things their boys haven't even thought of yet. I think. Who knows? They forgot to email me back.

Lesser and Kid606 are getting hassled to play all over the place. Kid606 swears that his live show is "booooooring," but supposes that his hip-wiggling might make a little more pleasing to the fans. Says Lesser, "I've been told I have a fairly visceral live show; it is clear that I am actually making music there... and that if I fuck up you can hear it (knock wood). I still haven't had a true crash onstage. Programs go down, but I can work with that... but you know, it's really no different than breaking a string or a drumhead. I've been known to disrobe if things go really awry, it is that what you're looking for?" Might be. When I saw Pole, he sweated. And pressed buttons. They all press buttons.

This button pressing is getting Kid606 flown to Germany for a weekend, and Lesser just got back from a mini-Europa jaunt. Klangkreig got him over to Berlin, and Matador sent him packing to Paris and London for some hot press activity. "Yeah, happens all the time... it just kinda happens," says Kid606 nonchalantly of his weekend abroad. Somebody's doing something very right, I think...

Cex calls bands with real instruments like drums, bass and guitar "caveman music bands," and Kid606 emits a disapproving tone when discussing the use of such instruments. "I try to avoid it, but it might peek its way in eventually. I have a guitar that I'll sometimes use on some songs, but I never want that to be the focus of [my music]. I never want to become a "wake up and train" type of musician." So instead, these young men dedicate their lives to learning the tricks of their electronic trade. But not just anything works with this new, modern genre they work in: "I think that minimal techno is turning into the lowest common denominator of electronic music; it's like the emperor's new clothes—really well-marketed electronic music." Ouch. Kid606 disses corners of the scene that he refuses to visit, and tries to help others steer clear of these places. Without pointing fingers, the message is clear that there's a right and wrong way to do things.

San Francisco is doing it right in many different ways. Not everyone is all about the Tigerbeats revolution just yet, but that doesn't faze the kid. He plans to pack it in and try something different when the mood suits him. Hell, he could reinvent himself at twenty-two. The possibilities are endless. "I'm trying not to work on stuff, to be honest. I'm just trying to not give in to the temptation to release records and give in to the same old thing. I'm obligated to play a bunch of shows and tours, but after that, I'm going to do a bunch of different things. I have a record I'm finishing up, and I told Matador I'd do something for them. I have all these weird 7" ideas that I'll probably just come out on Tigerbeats."

New directions, new sounds, all of them challenging and, most importantly, exciting. The Tigerbeats crew is all about this modern adult entertainment, breaking new sounds and ideas for the budding audience.

Kid606 toured with Mike Patton's Fantomas. Cex was voted "Most Original" in his senior year at high school. Lesser's released his entire back catalogue for pretty-much free to anyone who wants it. These guys are full of surprises, which suits me just fine. Each new record will showcase new talents and discoveries of what electronic gizmos, with a little human TLC, can do. If any of these men make it to town, I'll be front row center, and I'll be doing my best to sing along. •

AT THE DRIVE-IN

Sean Morris had a conversation with Paul from the drive-in and then they both wrote a review of the show that happened a few months ago.



DISORDER: Do you hate interviews?

Paul: No, no, I just woke up.

This new album [*Relationship of Command*] seems to me to be faster and angrier than previous material. What makes you angry?

I wouldn't say it's anger, I would say it's intensity. We're not an angry band, it's more emotional or whatever. I think we went into the studio to be experimental with electronics and stuff, but it turned out to be our most rock record yet. We were allowed to do pre-production, which is new for us, and we had a lot more time in the studio, whereas before we had four days to bang 'em out. This time Ross [Robertson] helped us channel everything and focus on the core of the song. I think that's why some would say it sounds angry. Did you vote?

No, we were on tour.

What do you think about Dubya becoming prez?

We're from Texas, and George W. Bush is governor of Texas, and we see a lot of the bad things he's capable of. Texas executes more people than any other state. I think it's a turn for the worse.

Do you allude to any politics in your records?

No, we stay away from that, we're not a political band. I mean we have internal views, but we don't preach them.

What do you think of our incessant desire to label everything. Are labels negative?

Yeah, we would never label our music; to me that's just putting yourself in a cage. We just say rock, that's kind of infinite, it lets us experiment.

How do you look at the future? Shit, that's really general, but is it positive?

We just take it slow. We've never had this "take on the world" attitude. We just had a crash and escaped death without any scratches, that puts a different perspective on everything. We just say we'll do it until it's not fun anymore.

Well, time is another constraint. When you map out the future and you take a wrong turn it could be seen as failure.

Yeah, or a brand new route.

Has last year been a fast year?

Yeah, it feels fast, but we've been at it for six years. Maybe in the past few months it's been quick, but we always talk about it and if anyone is unhappy we'll take a break.

You have been getting a lot of good press from international media. Does that pressure you?

No, I don't even look at it. They send us a sheet with all the magazines that we're in...

What about this? [Pointing to a leaflet on the table] "The best new rock 'n' roll band on earth." (New Music Express) If I saw that I'd be shitting my cargo.

That scares me. Its like they're setting us up to fail, so many expectations. What if some kid sees that and we have a bad day?

It's another cage.

That's why I don't look at it 'cause I know it'll go away. They'll turn on us just as fast as they came to us.

What goes on the mix tape for the trip?

Miles Davis, Metallica, Fela Kuti; a lot of jazz, drum and bass.

Photek, Roni Size, Diesel Boy. Just so much stuff, even mainstream stuff.

Would it be a problem if you became regular play on MTV? It wouldn't be a problem 'cause we'd do it our way. We don't cater to radio or MTV. If they want to play us that's fine with us.

Have you thought about your next record?

Right now we're touring, but we're the type of band that gets bored really easily. We want to write, but we also don't want to get bored of playing our new songs.

Do you think you'll continue at the same pace?

I don't know. We thought this one was going to be crazy experimental, but it was the opposite. When you have a plan it collapses. I have a plan. I'm reviewing the show, and I was thinking I could get your perspective on the Murder City Devils. Could you do a review then, maybe after the show? Is that cool?

Yeah, sure. We've been on this whole tour with them and we've known them for two years. They played here with them. They're like brothers to us. I love seeing them play. It excites me, it makes me want to go out and play. It's perfect. I can't say enough good things about them; great band, great people. *

AT THE DRIVE-IN

RED LIGHT STING

Wednesday, November 15

Richard's on Richards

I have to admit that I'm biased on this one. Red Light Sting could've twiddled their proverbial thumbs and sat sedated on stage, asleep at the wheel with Dwight Yoakam blasting from a tiny alarm clock radio. Greg could have read the dictionary or painted Richard's and I would've watched in awe. You see, I saw the show on Halloween and no matter what happened on November 15, this would be a good review. However, they need no help from me. Nervous yet poised, they played with intense ability and outright prowess. Perhaps the guys in between songs could've been shorter, but otherwise I think they know a thing or two about a thing or two. Hoohah for home-town spazz-wave.

At the Drive-In was supposed to be reviewed by Red Light Sting. If they saw what I saw it would go something like this. Oh my. Onslaught of sensory data. Complete overhaul of brain by band on stage. Jumping from rafters at Richard's into cerebellum and surrounding cranium. Bruises on knees. Intensity, outright manipulation of aural sensations, and captivation of neural network. I don't know if they were everyone's cup of whatever they like to have in their cup, but I drank it up.

Sean Gorr

MURDER CITY DEVILS

Home up

Paul from At the Drive-In

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101.9 FM

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gerald "rattlehead"
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saturdays, 1-3pm



Record played most often on your show:
Slayer, *Reign in Blood*.

Record you would save in a fire:
Black Sabbath, "Paranoid" 7" single (German import) and Black Sabbath, *Master of Reality* US LP with poster.

Record that should burn in hell:
Metallica *Load* and *ReLoad*. More crap: American glam metal early to mid '90s period.

Worst band you like:
Oasis.

Last record you bought:
Don't Believe a Word 7" single (Irish import).

First record you bought:
In 1971, when I was 11 I was in a record club: I bought The Beatles' *Revolver*, *Maple Music Volume 1*, The Guess Who's *American Woman*, and The Partridge Family's red one.

Musician you would most like to marry:
Nashville Pussy guitarist Rhyer Suys (sp?). Of course I got to get rid of husband Blaine first. [Just kidding.]

Favourite show on CiTR:
Flex Your Head and Lucky Scratch.

Strangest phone call received while on-air:
A woman used to phone the station around about 1987/88 and bother other radio shows. She would be wandering around the station and talking to herself making no sense. The station remembers back then. *

1987/88 and bother other radio shows. She would be wandering around the station and talking to herself making no sense. The station remembers back then. *

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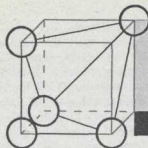
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CASPAR BROTMANN Mute Massaker (Thrifty Ear)

The spawn of a heavyweight jazz sax man, Caspar Brotmann spent his formative years around some of Europe's most ferocious improvisers. Whether as an act of bloody-minded rebellion or in sincere tribute to his lineage, he's spent the last 14 years applying free music methodology to hard rock aesthetics via his power trio Massaker.

It may be unfair to generalize about the results of Brotmann's approach on the strength of this disc alone, as it doesn't feature the classic Massaker line-up. Then again, he's such a focused, forceful musician that it seems fair to assume the end product is pretty similar no matter who he happens to be playing alongside.

So let's just say that the Caspar Brotmann experience is somewhat akin to hearing Jimi Hendrix jamming with Led Zeppelin's John Bonham. In hell. For this particular rock behemoth, though, the guitar is less mojo and more nomad war machine, leaving a trail of fire and devastation wherever it may roam. This, friends, is the blues freed of structure, cleansed of soul and unleashed in a pummeling feedback onslaught.

In this regard, his closest peer is Japan's Keiji Haino, leader of the notorious three-piece Fushitsusha. Both explode the basic materials of rock into an apocalyptic meteor shower of noise and both are iconoclastic individualists who often sound rather weighed down by their comparatively leaden rhythm sections.

Still, Mute Massaker just isn't as impressive as anything I've heard by Haino and co. This is partly a technical thing—Brotmann is a relatively restrained and conventional guitarist—but the more fundamental problem is philosophical. Whereas Fushitsusha always sound overwhelmed and consumed by massive cosmic forces, Massaker sound stern, immovable, and consequent-

ly, earth-bound.
Sam Macklin

DEATH BY CHOCOLATE S/T (JetSet)

Jeremy (Jez) Butler has spread himself very thin this past year. He's taken on the task of producing the *Songs for the Jet Set* compilations as well as being the facilitator and musician behind Lollipop Train, Maria Napoleon (aka Shazna Nessa Currie or ex Mrs. Momus) and now this latest sunshine pop release, *Death by Chocolate*. If someone were to play a selection of any of the three new albums he's recorded, I would be unable to tell them which album it came from—although I am a fan. I spoke to Jez, who assures me that all the new material was indeed recorded separately and for their own specific outings. Funny,

though, that Lollipop Train and *Death by Chocolate* both feature singer Angie Tillet and Jez Butler respectively. Jez is also the shining light of *Tomorrow's World*, whose material can be found on the *Songs for the Jet Set* series and on a few hard-to-find compilations from Spain and Japan. Besides containing the hilarious "My Friend Jack" from *Jet Set 2000*, *Death by Chocolate* chooses some flowery twee from the past like Dudley Moore's "The LS Bumble Bee," and the ridiculously pompous "If you want to sing out, sing out" lifted off the *Harold and Maude* soundtrack. Pretty specialized and way outside the JetSet label, which usually offers up things like *Tram*, *Sister Sonny*, and *Macha*. Indeed.

Blake

GOATS BLOOD s/t (Rage Of Achittes)

Think slow. What comes to mind? A turtle? A slug? The leader of the Alliance? Think slower. Now think heavy. Watcha think? An 18 wheeler? An aircraft carrier? Big Pun? Think heavier. MUCH HEAVIER. Okay, now ya gotta think stoned. Yeah, stoned. Like your most

stoned night at the local adventure playground in high school. Yeah, you know what I'm talkin' about. Hell yes. Now mix in a little shotgun blasting, a cup of guttural, vomit-spewing vocals and a bucket of piss and you've got the recipe for a *Goats Blood* poundcake. Enjoy.

Mark James Thomson

JAPANESE The Sleepy Strange (Kindercore)

Repetitive and murky, *Japaneases* build a sound akin to Tarantel or Tortoise in practice sessions with an added pedal steel. Patience is a virtue you'll have to have developed for *The Sleepy Strange*, but thankfully some of you post-rockers have obviously been practicing that already. The band's members are said to come up with the basic elements of the tune but then to not practice them at any length, just reward the intricacies and subtle movements for hours in the studio. Hence, the tracks are excerpts of very long sessions. This does make for a *Sleepy Strange*, and can be rewarding and peaceful in an alpha wave-inducing way. The pedal steel adds an (at first listen, unwelcome) lonely western sound perfect for driving to your friend's funeral.

Blake

LILYS Selected (File 13)

When everything from indie rock to yuppie dinner party music is idly flirting with the idea of innovation, this kind of unashamedly retro guitar pop can provide blessed relief. The sublime originality of bands like The Dandy Warhols and The Brian Jonestown Massacre acts as a de facto destruction of the meaningless language that today's "alternative" music uses to celebrate its own cleverness.

In such a climate of middle-brow smugness and half-assed "experimentation," something as passionately inspired and artfully conceived as this short EP comes

as a breath of fresh air. Leaving behind their dalliance with shagadelic swinging-London pop, Lilys have returned to their dream-pop roots and produced something utterly synthetic but disarmingly beautiful.

There's not a shred of originality here. The Byrds, My Bloody Valentine, and obscure first-wave UK post-rockers Seefeel are all plundered mercilessly. But because Lilys clearly love these sources and truly understand what makes them work, the results are never less than beautiful.

Sam Macklin

MYOPIA Concentration of Suffering

(Independent)

Ninety-nine percent of the time, I'm a New York HxC, meat 'n' potatoes kinda guy. But every now and then, life throws me a wrench that causes me to seek something just a little more... extreme. Like the other day when "the man" decided to tow my ride from a "customers only" spot while I ran across the street to get my Quizzes on. That day, the chugga-chugga just wasn't going to cut it. I reached deep into my CD pile and pulled out what I needed—Myopia's *Concentration of Suffering*. From the first strands of the battle march sample I soon began to feel my frustrations rage away. Seriously, this disc smokes

most of the competition and clearly puts the band at the top of the local grind/death heap. Every cut is relentless, pulverizing metal fury. My favorite tracks include the opener, "Self Inflicted Slavery," "Twisted Fate," and the title track. These guys are clearly blast professionals, and I expect them to soon be crushing the headbanger world with their sonic battery. Hey, we all deal with stress differently, but if raging hell metal is your outlet, look no further than Myopia.

Mark James Thomson

NIGO Ape Sounds (Mo' Wax)

Planet of the Apes. This is the

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inspiration behind Tokyo-based musician, clothing, film maker, and toy designer Nigo. Although anything ape seems to be swinging these days, Nigo has been reclaiming the ape image for some time now—he is perhaps best known for his clothing line Bathing Ape, which is poised to invade North America in the near future. On this first full-length release, the ape man has employed such Nippon-savvy cohorts as Grand Royal's Ben Lee and Money Mark, label mate James Lavelle (for whom Nigo illustrated the latest *Uncle* release), as well as countryman Cornelius (another ape reference?). Nigo's sound is typical Mo' Wax fare: overlapping loops mixed with jazzy drum lines and keyboard treatments. On *Ape Sounds*, Nigo's collaborators seem to run the show, leaving the listener wondering if Nigo truly has talent or just a lot of cool friends. I have the sneaking suspicion that Nigo's main collaborator, DJ Kudo, does most of the work. Not surprisingly, the best track on the album, "March of the General" featuring James Lavelle, offers the phat beats and craftsmanship one expects from most Mo' Wax releases. The wide variety of musical genres this album offers is impressive, but results in sounding more like an ill-conceived compilation than a solid solo release. Nothing to go bananas about, friends. Watch the movie,

buy the clothes, no go Nigo's record.

Willis

JOEL RL PHELPS AND THE DOWNER TRIO
Inland Empires
(Moneyshot)

I would rather cut my ears off than never hear Joel RL Phelps' voice again. This EP is a collection of covers. The songs (written by The Go-Betweens, Townes Van Zandt, Fleetwood Mac, Iris Dement, and Steve Earle) share the same idea—they're all sadly optimistic—but I think the reason why Phelps chose these particular songs was just because he liked them. There's no sarcasm; no irony for Christ's sake. But he doesn't imitate them. If the original song is a line, Phelps pushes it into an arc, makes it wider, gives it depth, while William Herzog's drumming places perfect emphasis, and Mercer's bass adds fullness while still being spare. The stand-up bass on "Someday" and the piano on "Songbird" are not pompous or orchestral, just supportive. Comforting.

The prize on this record belongs to "Now You Are Found (1962-1999)," the only song out of the seven that Phelps wrote himself. If you want to leave, go somewhere else, this song won't let you. It will make you stay, only so you can hear it.

Buy this record. If you don't like it, first I'll grab

you, right under your neck and press the fabric of your lousy shirt in my fist. Then I'll give you your money back. Guaranteed.

Christa Min

Q AND NOT U
No Kill No Beep Beep
(Dischord)

The album cover sports some cool-looking people, possibly to offset the funny-lookingness of the group itself (shown on reverse). Did someone style all these kids or do the band's fans actually look like that? If so, count me in to club Q And Not U, but not just because their following pulls off a kind of suave rockin' nonchalance that I can only dream of. The full-length debut from these oddly named DC boys has enough fast tappin' hi-hat beats, dissonant chords and yelling/screaming vocals to make me want to shake my stuff more than once. A tempo change halfway through the first track, "A Line in the Sand," leads into this crazy hand-clapping boogie-beat that makes some little funky man start dancing inside my head every time I hear it. Super. The rest of the songs on *No Kill No Beep Beep* don't always live up to this high water mark, but putting some yawns aside, it's definitely a solid effort. Sometimes the singing gets high-pitched enough to verge dangerously close to emo, yet the band always pulls it back to the land of

Rock just in time. Super production (helped by Mr. Ian Mackaye) allows the riffs to get pretty choppy while keeping my smooth-loving tastes from minding. This is the kind of debut that I consider a sign of good things to come. Kudos for the nifty song titles too, i.e. "Hooray for Humans." Hooray, indeed.

Jason T

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS
Liquored up and Lacquered Down
(TVT/Emusic/Universal)

I'm keeping my prairie pride alive by visiting my parents in Edmonton, where I can get beer for 80 cents and see real cowboys. Which, I figured, was the perfect setting to review this CD. So, as practiced Chad Muska's rail slides on *Tony Hawk ProSkater2*, I listened to the hee-haw sounds of *Southern Culture*. I then decided that if the B-52's and Jimmy Buffet were to breed, this is what their spawn would be. And since neither Jimmy nor the B-52's make me happy, neither does this CD. In theory, I really want to like *Southern Culture*. They have great hair and pretty funny lyrics, but this just isn't what I can handle musically: too twangy and kitschy, which makes me bored and crave real prairie music. I think I'd rather listen to the annoying video game music.

Tesla Van Halen

STARS
Nightsongs
(Le Grand Magistry)

I'm very sleepy... but I can't fall asleep because I can't stop listening to Stars' first album, *Nightsongs*. Their music is too comfortable for me, so... zzzz... Oh I'm so sorry, but let me introduce a touching, brand new band with a good, strong brew of coffee.

I was looking forward to meeting soft, comfortable, emotional and perfect music like *Nightsongs* by Stars. They mix nostalgia for young days and dream of the future, and fix Neo New Wave of the new generation in the millennium. When I heard their music for the first time, I remembered a feeling over *Saint Etienne* that made me so happy about three years ago, and I formed a visual image of Air or Mellow with charming woman on the fleecy world.

"This Charming Man," their cover of The Smiths, can be expressed as Bossa Nova + Lounge + Trip Hop. So nice! I have never heard such amazing music. You will feel like dancing with it. Their whispery voices and beautiful melodies build up your mind. I am pretty sure you will like Stars. So you must get it ASAP, trust me!!!!!!

Miki Hirano

THE REAL TUESDAY WELD
L'amour et la Mort

(Kindercore)
Strange man, this Stephen Coates of Tuesday Weld. Claims to have been visited in his dreams by '30s English crooner Al Bowlly and actress Tuesday Weld, both of whom seemed to be telling him to "say it with music." Okay, you've got my attention. Well, no actually, I was first directed towards Tuesday Weld's music on the three-disc Kindercore records. 50th release celebration on which Mr. Coates appears, sampling antique records to modern electro-pop. In his odd way Coates, I guess now calling himself The Real Tuesday Weld, marries '30s romantic music with '60s Euro-chic and current indie-pop. This five-song EP continues the experiment into genre-bending, sunshine pop somewhat reminiscent of "Mamas" Ultraconformist album which grouped modern sinister rhythm and rhymes with Kurt Weill-era cabaret. A clever sort.

Bleck

VARIOUS ARTISTS & DJ TYLER STADIUS
Necessary Pieces 2
(Nordic Trax)

This is an incredibly smooth mix by Bassix owner, Sonar club resident, and one of two peoples behind Nordic Trax Records, Tyler Stadius. Mix of what? Of original, underground, Canadian techno and house, of course. Indeed, one gets the feeling that

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Tyler's CD was put out not to impress everyone with his impeccable skills, but to showcase some of the amazing talent we have right here in Vancouver. This CD covers a wide range of styles, all in the deep techno and minimal house ranges, from Vancouver producer Ben Neville's Perlon-esque chopped-vocal sparse-and-yet-lush house beats to Toronto resident Sunseeker's more techno driving rhythms with dub-wafering ethereal winds... not to mention tracks by three-deck Toronto techno DJ Mike Shannon, two tracks from The Sci-Fi Witchdoctor's nom de plume F.S.P., and longtime Vancouver DJ Jay Tripwire. And of course there's a standout track from Gavin Froome, whose LP on Nordic Trax last year, *Mobile Villager*, made him famous around that he moved somewhere kickin' like London England. And I shouldn't leave out Peter Hecher, Jon Delerious and Déjà Vu, which rounds off everyone on the CD and makes sure none of them gets the shit out of me for forgetting to mention their names. But this is a great CD and hey, it's all for the locals so get out, throw down cash and support so we can move somewhere else. Me, I'm down for Germany or New York.

Tobias V

CRISTIÁN VOGEL

Rescate137 (Novamute)
Finally, in September, Cristián's new album on Novamute is released. In December it becomes available in Vancouver... phew! It is *Plastikman* up a notch (to force a comparison)—add more bass-guitar riffs and Latin-reveller samples and you have the dimensions of this piece. Vogel mocks Ritchie Hawtin's non-stop "Decks, EFX & 909" tour, referring to his own touring as "Decks, FX, Boozie & Fags," but he is no goober. He's one of those fellas in the world of techno that has evolved, having built his sound on Berlin's Tresor label and moved to Mute. Vogel knows beats and is not scared to use them with style. *Rescate137* is not a dance album, nor is it a sit-around-pretending-you're-not-bored album. It gets more interesting as you travel up to the last track "Rescate Freeformed Giggles," developing a more live, personal feel. The music feels more

performed than programmed. "Wind From Nowhere" has a drumbeat reminiscent of Michael Jackson's *Thriller* album. If you like vocals in your songs then "La Isla Píscola" is a pleasure. I had a flashback to the PlayStation game *Grand Turismo*'s car-editing menu with the sounds in "Crainial Burn." "Crater 8" demonstrates the huge array of sounds layered into each track—call it Rolls Royce sequencing. There is a 12" of "Whippaspank," where the remixes are better than the original, which does not stand out as the richest tune on the album. Vogel has said that the album is meant to be a reflection of his journey to his birthplace, Chile, from which his family fled (to the UK) from Pinochet's wrath. I would argue this album is inspired and fresh; too bad I had to go to Virgin to find it. If Luke Slater's *Wireless* caught your attention, then this will please you (more). By the way, 137 is the number you call to be rescued ("rescate") at the beach in Chile.

Cyrus B

WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY

Mojave (Slowriver)
If you look at the cover of this album you see a girl in a black and white photograph, her face partly covered by shadows, holding a cigarette. It sets the tone for music inside. The first thing that crossed my mind when I heard the first few notes of the first song was Leonard Cohen, without the raspy voice, and lacking some lyrical strength. So I continued to listen to these folk ballads, slowly getting the urge to get the cigarettes and the whiskey. That is, until I reached "Go Jimmy Go," where everything jumps into punk without much warning, only to ease back with the rest of the songs into the mood it achieved earlier. So here's the deal: if you want to listen to a recent version of a cross between Cohen and Bob Dylan, perhaps this is the thing to get you there. To get to the newest stuff you could also pick up their *Everything's Fine* album. As for myself, I'm sticking to the original versions.

Joanna



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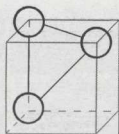
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NEIL HAMBURGER
CANNED HAMM
TIGER TIGER
Saturday, December 9
Picadilly Pub

Neil Hamburger said: "Why did Julia Roberts run off all over her [redacted] Because she was horny!" The giggles were coming out of me like diarrhea.
Christa Min

OH SUSANNA
Saturday, December 16
Capilano College Performing Arts Theatre

It was an icy evening and threatening to snow, the gig was partway up a North Shore mountain, and my tires aren't what they used to be. I had a terrible cold too, but it was Oh Susanna's first home-town performance in more than a year, and I wasn't going to miss it.

That's the kind of dedication Suzie tends to inspire. Off-stage she's our girl: cute and soft-spoken and quick to laugh, disarmingly warm and relaxed. When she stands up there on the stage, often alone except for her acoustic guitar, she acts just as if she were singing a few songs at a family gathering, as if when she's finished Great Aunt Mamie and the littlest cousin will take her place and play a piano piece for four hands. You can't hear her—you definitely can't meet her—without feeling as if you've joined this family. Maybe this is why impromptu receiving lines spring up before and after her nightclub performances as people rush up to embrace her.

Yet some of this is due to the bone-chillingness of so many of her songs. To see this pretty girl, wearing no makeup and a simple dress, singing from the point of view of a callous prostitute-killer (in "Jackson Wilson," for instance), is to want to run to her with comfort. Sure, she's studied murder ballads in a scholarly kind of way, and she has said she's experimenting with their tradition of relying on an unreliable narrator (etc.), but that doesn't quite explain the intensity of the experience. You wonder where she's channeling these hell-singed personalities from. You wonder if she might collapse at the end of the song, once the demon spirit has left her again.

This could have made for an unenvying experience in the comfortable but formal setting of the Capilano College Performing Arts Theatre, since Suzie was up there on a big stage and we were some ways back, invisible to her in our

cushy seats, but she seemed unaware of the physical distance and put on the kind of Oh Susanna show we've come to expect. She told stories about many of her new songs, about growing up near UBC, desperate to be cool ("Kings Road"), about the real-life Ted of "Ted's So Wasted," and the inspiration for "Sleepy Little Sailor" (the title track of her new CD). She joked about giving us yet "another sad lament," when she introduced "Beauty Boy."

Over the course of two sets Oh Susanna played almost 20 songs, a little more than half of these accompanied by violin player Jesse Zubot (of Zubot and Dawson). Many were newer songs, and the newer songs are different, certainly. Where Suzie used to write mostly about outlaws and death, with just a smattering of personal-sounding items like "All Eyes on Baby," the ratio is now nearly reversed. Fewer songs are now offering a glimpse into the black heart of evil; more are telling stories of more familiar types of loss and longing. Many are cooler and less intense, if every bit as well-written—this gave the audience a chance to breathe, and also meant that the shining old favourite "You'll Always Be" stood out in the second set.

As Suzie said herself that chilly night, moving to Toronto has freed her to write about Vancouver. I would say that it's also freed her to sing about the personal, rather than the abstract. This includes the lovely and heartbreaking "River Blue" (which won a Juno), and a spare, beautiful cover of Otis Redding's "I've Got Dreams to Remember," both on the new CD. (Sadly, she didn't play "Dreams" that night, although it was on the set list. Weren't we a good enough audience?)

Walking out into the parking lot afterwards with my collar up around my ears, I felt the absence of my post-performance hug, but I came away with something more lasting: the set lists I picked up from the empty stage after the show.
Janis McKenzie

CHOICE WORDS CABARET:
7th ANNUAL ROCK FOR CHOICE

Thursday, January 11
Vancouver East Cultural Center

How the hell are you supposed to write a pithy review of a show in which over 20 spoken word artists/musicians performed, all of whom are brilliant? Most importantly, how can you write a coherent review when you have the flu and are

running a fever? From the moment Farrell Spence (of 30 Helens) opened the evening, complete with a gorgeous, bloody, hairy vagina and seminaked male dancers, the tone for the evening was set. This was the second of four events scheduled for the 7th Rock for Choice, an annual fundraiser for the Elizabeth Bagshaw Clinic and Everywoman Health Clinic. The theme for the cabaret was womyn's choice in all its manifestations: a safe and legal abortion, lifestyle, spirituality, sexuality, self-expression, or the search for a self-image not molded by convention or pop-culture. The evening was programmed and hosted for the most part by Sini Anderson and Tara Jepsen of San Francisco's sister spit rambling road show. The performances were all impressive if not mind blowing, making it hard to pin point just one highlight. Personally, I keep oscillating between Nomy Lamm's (fat liberation activist and author of the zine *I'm so fucking beautiful*) mesmerizing, powerful, and personalized version of "Amazing Grace" to Inga Muscio's (author of *Cunt: A Declaration of Independence*) joyful style pieces about friendship and relationships between womyn. But there was also Morgan Bryton (30 Helens) and Sarah Hunt's hilarious dialogue on body image and feminism, Abby Wener's direct and honest poetry about sexual abuse and coming of age, Fiona Tyler's musical talents, graceful and blue, T.L. Cowan's wonderful tribute to Good for Her (the most fabulous womyn's toy shop in this goddamn country), and the Public 1's (former-

ly Monsoon) collective performance which brought the voices and views of Asian womyn into the spotlight through well-written witty pieces of prose and poetry. This was just the beginning. Two hours into the show, the mic was passed on to members of the sister spit rambling road show (Rene Van, Tara Jepsen, Sini Anderson, Nomy Lamm, Tiger, Lynn Breedlove) who then proceeded to enlighten, shock, and entertain the masses. The evening was raw, honest, and emotionally charged, and by the end, the message was loud and clear: womyn's choices about their lives and bodies are as diverse as womyn are, and there's no mold that can be used, no set formula that works for all.

Rana E

DAVE DOUGLAS CHARMS
OF THE NIGHT SKY
Saturday, January 13

Norman Rothstein Theatre
Reasons why Charms of the Night Sky are punk Music is their life, man. They sweat a lot. They don't tuck their shirts in. Mark Feldman wears a black wristband just like the punk rockers do. Their last album came out on BMG. Wait a minute. That's a major label. They're not punk, they're sell-outs. Sellouts!
Christa Min

PHIFE DAWG

Thursday, January 18

Richard's on Richards.
Once upon a time, there was a group named Tribe Called Quest: true soldiers of musical excellence; defenders of wit and rhyme that stood tall on the hip-hop scene; fathering lyrics

that spoke to many; free of the usual gangsta blah blah and disrespect for women.

These high expectations are what lured me into the smoky, populated arena of Richard's on Richards on a dark and rainy night.

Waiting like a humble monk for hip-hop master Phife Dawg, thine servant had to endure endless citations of sponsors and finally, after two-and-a-half hours, he appeared in front of a hysterical, white, boozed-up middle class audience, all in their Tommy underwear. But instead of being the long-awaited musical prodigy we were expecting, Phife just went on talking and talking, merely quoting short passages of songs.

What was going on?

I don't know, but from where I was it sounded like much ado about nothing—the revolution won't be televised, but it won't happen where he's at either.

Unlinded

HIM

FCS NORTH

RADIO BERLIN

RED LIGHT STING

Sunday, January 20

Starfish Room

Ahhhhhh... Sunday night in Vancouver. Not only was the statement "CERFEW 12:00" printed on the ticket, but the show also started an hour and a half late. Needless to say, Red Light Sting plowed through a six song, 17 minute set with a handful of technical glitches. Nice songs though, they just don't play them very well. After stepping outside for a smoke (yet another reason to get the fuck outta this shitwater 'borg),

EX-LAGUARD

BAD ASTRONAUT
"ACHROPHORE"
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FEBRUARY 20th, 2001

EX-SHUSTER

DIESEL BOY
"RODE HARD AND PUT AWAY WET"
CD/LP
FEBRUARY 20th, 2001

EX-ZOINKS

BIG IN JAPAN
"DESTROY THE NEW ROCK"
CD/LP
MARCH 6th, 2001

HORNET DON'S P.O. BOX 192027 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94112 www.hornetdons.com

I ordered another drink to enjoy Radio Berlin. Every time I see these guys I want to grab their copy of *Pornography by The Cure*... oops, I meant to say my copy of *Pornography* by The Cure. Did I mention that Radio Berlin sound like they've listened to *Pornography* by The Cure a little tooooooo much?

Anyways, bring on the boys from Seattle known as FCS North. It's always a pleasure to witness an amazing band you hadn't heard. This piece: Rhodes, bass and drums. Smooth, crisp acid jazz played by three skinny young white guys. Totally fucking awesome. I only own Nick's debut album *The Egg* which is very minimalist middle eastern percussion—quite nice, but I had no idea what his live show entailed. Well, "minimal" was in leader Doug Schari's vocabulary tonight: two drummers, two guitarists, two horn players, a bassist, and a rack of effects. Mid-'70s Miles Davis meets 21st century improv. Every player was completely focused and into the contagious groove they were creating. The only problem with fusion like this is that the jams can go on a bit too long without anything new being added. At one point in the show I think the only people having fun were the band. However, this was a very cool event that we will probably never see again due to the fact that one day coming soon you will not be allowed to smoke, drink, dance, or participate in

anything that remotely resembles fun!

Luke Mat

COCO

THE NASTY ON

THE RIFF RANDALLS

THE CINCH

Friday, January 26

The Havana Bar (Richmond)

There was a bad moon shinin' down on the lower mainland Friday night! This rock 'n' roll party, an "in" do for the Canadian University Press' national conference at the Executive Inn in Richmond, was quite the comedy of errors. Just ask Bruce and Nick, who spent hours carting around a sound system that, once installed, did nothing. Ask DJ Crushworthy, who brought only CDs for a gig that had become vinyl only, thanks to the equipment malfunctions. Or, if you want the best stories, ask the bands what they thought of it all.

Apparently, the Havana Bar is a little too swank to condone the kind of wild and crazy rock that was rocked by on this night. The Cinch (who I missed) apparently sounded like a big wall of fuzzy noise. The Riff Randalls' set went off without a hitch. This three-piece has got it together, and Cathy Camaro did a good job of hyping up the, um, 15 or so people in the bar. Once The Nasty On took to the stage, things went awry in a major way. Jason was trying to climb the on-stage tree. All were drunk and rowdy.

Somehow, the band's mics got switched off halfway through their set. Here came trouble.

Whilst spinning Guns 'n' Roses' hit, "Sweet Child O' Mine," I noticed a bit of a mob on the dancefloor. The Nasty On was going head to head with bar management, and it looked as if punches were about to be thrown. Instead, the band was thrown out, the lights turned on, and the night declared a bust. Almost. Yelling turned to pleading, turned to cajoling, and eventually a compromise was made to let COCO, who had come all the way from the US of A, play their set. Thank goodness!

COCO's set was the funkiest thing I've seen light up a stage in ages. A duo made to send us into hip-shaking mode, COCO managed to lighten up the atmosphere, pack more people in, and stun all with sexy songs. The crowd was chanting and dancing up a storm, and the night's troubles were set aside.

Congratulations to the *Ulysses* newspaper, as a united crew, for winning the dance contest. Yeah!

Julie C.

THE BELLRAYS

THE NASTY ON

Sunday, January 28

Starfish Room

The Nasty On opened to a hearty crowd of 50(?) but still managed to pull off another solid show, whipping off tracks from their debut CD as well as a

DISORDER

needs a new

EDITOR. (we mean it!)

application deadline: february 15th at 5pm.

hard working music-lovers with lots of spare time and patience are encouraged to apply for this demanding but fun and rewarding position.

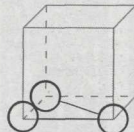
you should have: good people skills; excellent written english; some computer experience, though we will train (we use word and quark on macs); and most importantly, a passionate relationship with independent and local music.

this position starts in april/may 2001, with training beginning in february.

this is a volunteer position with a small honorarium.

please call barbara at 822.3017 ext. 3 or linda at 822.1242 or email discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca for more information.

resumes and cover letters can be faxed to 822.9364.



radio free press

zines : bleek

After a much appreciated seasonal break here at DISORDER, things are back to normal and on schedule again and some zines have been found, lost, and returned.

Can I tell you first about a new digest-size, 224 page book/zine from Seattle named YETI? The subtitle reads "Enthusiast art, music, writing and other stuff" and right on, YETI searches below the tip of the iceberg to rediscover obscure artists and some of the most valuable weirdos who have graced our planet. Take Tomata du Plenty for example, the freshly deceased and unbelievably influential performance artist and punk visionary. Du Plenty was a pioneer of Seattle's art troupe Ze Whiz Kids and went on as the frightening and scaring singing demon of The Screemers, a west coast punk phenomenon that would inspire many a rebel including Jello Biafra himself. There's

more to say about Tomata but just buy YETI or read the astounding last interview in the newest *The Big Takeover* (damn good music mag). YETI also sets focus on art fanatic Harry Smith, takes on interviews with Destroy all Monsters and Califone, and looks into the history of "the heavy, ethnocentric, rhythmic, and intentionally crude psychedelic rock music made in the late '60s/early '70s by Swedish act Trad Grash och Stenar" ("Trees, Grass, and Stones"). Also appearing inside this beautiful compendium are L'altra, Terry Riley, James Brown's original Funky Dives, Victor Brauner (?), Jana Martin, essay writings, and comics. This is something you want to hop aboard now! Grab #1 'cuz it's gonna be worth something. Also included with this issue is a fine CD containing fine acts like Califone, Stereolab, Carissa's Wierd, Mice Parade, Harry Smith, Turn On, Magic Magician,

Chessie, Tedd Pruddhome, and stuff. YETI, PO Box 3061, Seattle, WA 98114 or look them up at www.nobrow.org/yeti; yeti@nobrow.org

As usual, Seattle keeps things interesting and alive despite all negative predictions. Specifically, the new *TABLET* magazine is still going strong and filling an important gap for some of us who were weaned on the much missed *Rocket*. A few familiar names are involved with *Tablet*: Take Dan Halligan for instance: long time publisher of the lauded *Ten Things Jesus Wants You to Know* punk magazine or De Kwok of Milky zine. The newspaper consists of many varied contributors and subjects, but with a decidedly northwest focus, often taking on weighty political matters, new local bands, censorship concerns, or just celebratory frivolity like Kwok's little "Stick 'em up" column wherein he reviews stickers he's seen around town. Terrific stuff, all

of it. What does it take to get it up here? For now see www.tabletmagazine.com

Comic zines are a very popular format for aspiring artists and one aspiring and talented artist named R. Fleming sent his *CLASS WAR* comic to Radio Free Press for review. Let me just give you the gist of the content, though, and let you make up your own mind about your level of interest. Fleming is a negative man; much of the sketchy inkings present Crumb-esque scenarios with hyper-sexualized females and plenty of weaponry, too. Fleming seems to lean toward the left, with visual commentary against racism and authority, while at the same time describing himself as "hated" and a "misogynist." Interested? Send a couple bucks to R. Fleming at 2301 3rd Avenue, #530 Seattle WA 98101.

Another light-hearted and welcome installment of *GO METRIC* is available featuring Beatle Bob, Superfan Scott Lee, and Russ Forster of the now defunct 8-track *Mind* zine. *Go Metric* has until recently been a New York Based indie-punk/ppp music fanzine. Now GM resides in North Carolina. So what is always a somewhat silly and pseudo trashy read continues with goofy articles

on Queen, Tim Burton, someone who sold their newly-cut ponytail on e-bay, and the mod band Creation. Also Wilco, MTX, Enoch, Kung Fu Monkeys tour '99, and loads of tiny-print record reviews. Everything is presented fairly sloopily with little odd tidbits stuck here and there, so you've got to love it. Let's see, the note says to email and verify the address after April 2001 so for now I guess you can write to Mike Falcon at 2609L Village Court, Raleigh NC 27607 <gogometric@yahoo.com>.

For all you zine kids and soon to be zinesters, you should know about CRAP HOUND, a huge compilation of clippings from so many sources it will make your head reel. It's a labour of love from creator Sean Tejarchi, a Portland-based zine veteran who has been putting these things together for a few years already. The amount of images compiled in each *Crap Hound* is nothing less than astounding. I have three issues now and always find it to be a valuable resource when I'm cutting and pasting a new zine which, let's face it, can be more charming in so many ways compared to computer designed zines, no? I know what you're thinking and yes, Sean did encounter some legal roadblocks from

"the man" in the past for presenting copyrighted materials, so just keep in mind the disclaimer from the 2nd page: "Many images in *Crap Hound* have copyrights held by various lawsuit-friendly entities. Remember that *Crap Hound* is scathing social commentary and emphatically not a collection of images with rights to which to trample the fragile rights of huge corporations. *Crap Hound* officially urges you to obey all laws, all the time, and encourages abject submission to anyone with money and the law on their side." Get one from Sean at PO Box 40373 Portland, OR 97240-0373 for \$5—that is unless you are an ad agency or large design studio, in which case you'll have to pay \$30.

Start a zine today and get the word out. Contact Radio Free Press c/o DISORDER, #233-6138 SUB Blvd. Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1. •

2001 February 25

great cover of "Love At Psychedelic Velocity" (note to Jason: this was originally done by a group called The Human Expression! I think Love covered it later), a sixties garage nugget that features a cool driving drumbeat and slashing guitar, which the band delivered with mucho gusto.

With no time for talkin', the four-piece maximum rock 'n' soul outfit from LA set to rockin', and leading the charge was a black-clad soulstah with a set of pipes that knocked you over from the first note to the last. "Are you ready?" she wailed. We responded, "Yeah!" not just because we felt the rumble of powerful music in our bones, but for fear of physical punishment from our American revolutionaries who were holding court. Thankfully,

ment and will receive only our obvious neglect in order to send a clear message of our disdain." *LApeak:* "The computer fucked up so these two beers are on the house."

Translation: "These two beers that you never ordered will cost you five dollars apiece."

LApeak: "It will take you about 15 minutes to get from LAX to Hollywood."

Translation: "It will take 17 inquiries, five different buses, a shitload of backpedaling and four hours to get from LAX to Hollywood."

LApeak: Tower Records

Translation: Tower of Crappy CD's and a Whopping 11 DJ Dance Records

LApeak: Public Transit

Translation: Non-white, Low-income, High-occupancy Transporter Units

visual show, and even lacking a turntablist, the Anti-Pop Consortium managed to completely blow a whole ton of minds during their first-ever Vancouver performance. The sparse stage set-up of '80s drum machines and some sampling equipment was all the musical backdrop the APC needed in order to drop the intense imagery that distinguishes their MC'ing. The beats were simplistic, yet completely mesmerizing, feeling a bit faster and smoother than much of the *Tragic Epilogue* LP, but still capturing that bizarre retro-futuristic feel contained on the album. The lyricism was even more impressive. The three self-described "post-modern" MCs add an imaginative intelligence to hip-hop that just seems to flow right out of them during

Kick around February 2001 © Scott Malin



Shellac

Knitting Factory LA, Main Space

1/28/01, 10:00 am

Advance: \$10.00

Serial #

669-38-012701121508#101

Ticket #

www.com

DOWNTOWN IS MORE THAN A ZIPCODE

she did not lay any boots to behinds, but for those in attendance, the wind had definitely been knocked from our sails, and we dispensed with much rejoicing and record spending. Thanks bellairs, for taking time out to show us how to kick out the jams.

Bryce Dunn

SHELLAC

STRAIGHT TO VIDEO

DISTORTION FELIX

Saturday, January 27

Sunday, January 28

The Knitting Factory (Los Angeles)

LA City Translator Post-It

LApeak: "Good evening, Please come in and have a seat."

Translation: "We are the mighty Uzbeks! Despite our tawdry pink awning which boasts of bargain-bin lunch specials and even though the quaint partitions in our restaurant are rife with Russian graffiti, you and your hoodie-clad ilk are a scourge upon our fine establish-

LApeak: Loud, obnoxious, stupid assholes of both genders who feel the need to bellow out their idiocy and obvious emotional discomfort during otherwise refreshingly quiet, contemplative improvisations.

Translation: See above.

LApeak: (Thwarted bootlegger to bassist Bob Weston) "Thanks a lot you fucking asshole. Go fuck your mother you fat fuck."

Translation: (Thwarted bootlegger to bassist Bob Weston)

"Thanks for coming to my shit-ass Babylon of Lame to play three shows in the short span of 24 hours and thanks especially for the 40-dozen Krispy Kreme donuts you so graciously supplied at the Sunday morning show."

LApeak: 1000 Hurts

Translation: 1000 Joys

Hope this clears things up.

Steve DiFlo

ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM

Sunday, January 28

Sonar

Bringing an almost totally non-

their live set. Managing to make their album material sound like freestyling, and their freestyles sound pre-written, the Anti-Pops displayed an almost flawless live lyrical skill. Priest, Beans, and Sayvid each brought their own unique style, with Priest displaying what was arguably the most impressive narrative ability. All three took turns manning the music equipment, which even included some live beat-making, and often seemed to just randomly trade off verses and stage roles. The APC meandered through the show with a type of impulsive flow that gave an organic character to their intensely modern sound. While the image of one guy playing beats with his fingers while another drinks beer and a third invents words as he goes along might sound like the performance of a trio of half-assed hacks, the APC made the night feel like the crowd was witnessing history.

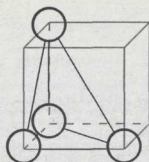
Jason T



INDEPENDENT MUSIC NEEDS YOUR REVIEWS! CONTRIBUTE YOUR GENIUS TO DISORDER MAGAZINE!

See a local/independent/underground show lately? Write about it and send it in to us and we'll make you into a famous music critic.

Ring the RLA Editor (Steve) at sdipo@axion.net or 822.3017 ext.



charts

what's being played at citr

February Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 pizzicato five | the fifth release... | matador |
| 2 new pornographers | mass romantic | mint |
| 3 johnny cash | american III: solitary man | columbia |
| 4 the cause way | causey vs. everything alt. | tentacles |
| 5 twilight circus dub... | dub plates volume two | m |
| 6 hawksley workman | for him and the girls | ba da bing! |
| 7 state of bengal | visual audio | six degrees |
| 8 the corn sisters | the other women | mint |
| 9 deltron 3030 | s/t | 75 ark |
| 10 medeski martin... | the dropper | blue note |
| 11 lily's | selected ep | file 13 |
| 12 the nasty on | lester bangs ep | stutter |
| 13 peaches | teaches of peaches | kittyoy |
| 14 sigur ros | agoetis byrjun | fat cat |
| 15 pepe deluxe | super sound | emperor norton |
| 16 coco | coco | k |
| 17 joel | trains are fast... | independent |
| 18 pj harvey | stories from the city | island |
| 19 yo la tengo | danelectro ep | matador |
| 20 trail vs. russia | s/t | independent |
| 21 radiohead | kid a | capitol |
| 22 black eyed peas | bridging the gap | interscope |
| 23 the vancouver nights | s/t | endearing |
| 24 add n to x | add insult to injury | mute |
| 25 the pets | love and war | endearing |
| 26 songs:ohia | ghost tropic | secretly canadian |
| 27 the gossip | that's not what I... | kill rock stars |
| 28 q and not u | no kill no beep beep | dischord |
| 29 pinback | some voices | tree |
| 30 stars | nightsongs | le grand magistry |
| 31 low | things we lost in the fire | kranky |
| 32 v/a hifidelity | lounge sessions 2 | guidance |
| 33 takako minekawa | maxi on ep | emperor norton |
| 34 shipping news | very soon... | quarterstick |
| 35 st. germain | tourist | blue note |

February Long Vinyl

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 exploders | electric power |
| 2 briefs | poor and weird |
| 3 rainer maria | hell and high water |
| 4 peeps | stiletto |
| 5 abbc | elevator baby |
| 6 black halos/tuuli | christmas split |
| 7 tristezza | are we people |
| 8 big john bates | vibro psychotic |
| 9 salteens | tomorrow |
| 10 blow up | dead stars, seven sixes |
| 11 cex | get your badass on |
| 12 riff randells | who says girls can't rock |
| 13 various artists | it's a team mint xmas... |
| 14 anniversary | split |
| 15 paperbacks/projektor | split |
| 16 bum/pingu | magictoothpresents |
| 17 electric frankenstein | the perfect crime |
| 18 removal | featuring mr. chi pig |
| 19 jello biafra | the green wedge |
| 20 zen guerrilla | the seeker |

- | |
|----------------|
| rip off |
| cut and run |
| polyvinyl |
| lipstick |
| wabana |
| sftiri |
| tiger style |
| nearly nude |
| endearing |
| empty |
| 555 |
| mint |
| mint |
| vagrant |
| endearing |
| magic teeth |
| sub pop |
| irrelevant |
| alt. tentacles |
| sub pop |

February Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 gray's anatomy | no chocolate for tyson |
| 2 squares elite | around the capital |
| 3 nicely nicely | it's me, not yours |
| 4 panty boy | sea hag |
| 5 triple word score | too far gone |
| 6 joel | heart X 50' woman |
| 7 jay a. beck | ophelia |
| 8 lollies | found myself at the supermarket |
| 9 victory gin | tired |
| 10 magnus | dragon style |
| 11 fanfare | the heathens are happier |
| 12 jumpstart | worthwhile |
| 13 coupon | train robbery |
| 14 bel rise | the notion |
| 15 uneven steps | postcard from the depths of shame |
| 16 join | newsman politics |
| 17 tennessee twin | oh darkness |
| 18 bad apple | life is rough |
| 19 seana and splatter bends | travelogue 10.97 |
| 20 cardinals | walk don't run |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "February" charts reflect airplay over January). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".

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FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.
RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 loveden@hotmail.com
SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 Phil platter, slim chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN 6:00-7:00AM
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from The Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek.
 R&B, disco, techno, sound-tracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!
 suburbanjungle@chcnet.net
FOOKS PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.
THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.
ANOICE 1:00-2:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM
RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Blek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:00PM Celebrate Black History Month with speeches from Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, reports on African culture and music, of course.
 rachelssong@ycos.com

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM
AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleaterkinney, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things. (lost Wednesday of every month)
REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM
 The rootsy-world-beat-blue-grass-polka-alt-country-cajun-conjunto show that dates call itself folk. And singersongwriters too.
STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM
 DJ's Jindava and Bindva immerse you in radiactive Bhungal "Chokki de phutay."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM
 Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAYS

THE MEZZANINE FLOOR 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM
THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY

SHOW 10:00-11:30AM
 Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christina.
CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage la Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).
THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM
 Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.
RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
LEGALLY HIP 5:00-5:30PM
REELS TO REEL alt. 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:30-6PM Viva la Revolution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Bikenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your sappily-attired host Gary Olsen. cripshp55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.
HIGHBRED VOICES 1:00PM-1:00AM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone stall. Resident haitch with guest DJs and performers.
<http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
GAUGHN IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.
SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM
 Email requests to disks@hsham.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shock, and Promo bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-hair trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.
HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rowkin in the free world and have a good breakfast.
 Noz on, Nardwar, and Cleopatra Von Flufftestein.
NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAK EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.
BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
 8-9AM: African/World roots.
 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.
SOULSISTAR RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.
CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim and Paul.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nith degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM
TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM
 "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat drop dem headz rock innu junglist moshup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out—Guy Smile.
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

listen online!
www.ams.ubc.ca/citr

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 Vice President Jay Duillard

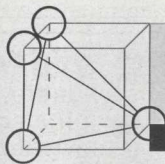
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 MARCH 8 FOR
 INTERNATIONAL
 WOMEN'S DAY.
 PROGRAMMING FOR ALL
 THE LADIES!

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Evil vs. Good
 Mondays 4:00-5:00pm
 Citr 101.9 FM

Punk...
 Hardcore...
 the good stuff...



datebook

what's happening in february

FRI FEB 2

roscoe p. coltrane@piccadilly; a perfect circle@qe theatre; version, echophone, umbrellaheads@railway; lily frost, peppersands, salteens@starfish room; modest mouse@vogue

SAT 3

junk genius@anza; jeff healey@commodore; operation makeout, blue collar bullets, clover honey@java joint; jet set, filthy rocket, triple word score@piccadilly; solarbaby@railway; globalization: what's the fuss@christ church cathedral; radio berlin, citroen, red light sting@ms. it's cabaret

SUN 4

mystik journeyman, living legends@sonar; ill-a-mental feat. living legends, mystic journeyman, grouch, eligh, aesp, murs, scarub, bicasso@sonar

MON 5

corrosion of conformity@commodore; hard rock miners@railway; jim black@sugar refinery

TUES 6

morning maker@china beach; sessie i power@palladium; day shine dark, mr. underhill, red scare@piccadilly; linton kwesi johnston@sonar

WED 7

richard ashcroft@commodore; blackouts@starfish; coastal jazz & blues society@western front; anna lumiere quartet@sugar refinery

THUR 8

tyler brett & tony romano@sugar refinery; coldplay@commodore, sight unseen@aberhau mansion; the golden wedding band@railway; coastal jazz & blues society@western front; people under the stairs@sonar

FRI 9

colorific@sugar refinery; the radio@anza club; kurt elling quartet@cop college performing arts theatre; dj scissoricks@sonar; super fudge live@purple onion

SAT 10

the building press, trail vs. russia, instrumen@java joint; buttless chaps@sugar refinery; **CITR PRESENTS CULTURE@COMMODORE**: 2001: a pop odyssey feat. hinterland, nicely nicely, the silent treatment@ms. it's cabaret; load levellers, saddlesores@piccadilly; carolyn mark & her roommates, tom holliston@silverstone tavern; coastal jazz & blues society@western front; the dalai lamas@purple onion; craig norton, lisa o'neill, kimona, laurie macdonald, steve srao@gallery lounge

SUN 11

CITR PRESENTS CULTURE@RICHARD'S; babayaga@vecc

MON 12

unwound, mecca normal@starfish; hard rubber orchestra@vecc

TUES 13

beautiful music festival@sugar refinery; sam@piccadilly

WEDS 14

beautiful music festival@sugar refinery; brad mehlidau@vecc

THURS 15

flowmotion@purple onion; beautiful music festival@sugar refinery; everclear@commodore; benn watt@sonar; ronnie howard@railway; by08: love somebody@blinding light!!

FRI 16

the radio, dorothea@sugar refinery; **CITR PRESENTS THE DONNAS, BLACK HALOS, TUULI@RICHARD'S**; fishbone, snfu@commodore; dark side of the rainbow@blinding light!!

SAT 17

mac dawg, canned hamm@sugar refinery; unified theory@richard's; mark farina@sonar; dark side of the rainbow@blinding light!!

SUN 18

unrefined@sugar refinery; supersuckers, the nasty on@richard's; eye of newt with alexander nevsy@blinding light!!

MON 19

flybanger, amen@starfish

TUES 20

cop talk 2: training oddities@blinding light!!; the last poets, ata proto, isangmahal arts kollektive@i-spy (seattle)

WED 21

ford pier, joel kraeker@sugar refinery; cop talk 2: training oddities@blinding light!!

THUR 22

selina martin@sugar refinery; oh susanna, the waifs, carolyn mark@starfish; san pedro circus, the junky gods@railway

FRI 23

blue pine, young and sexy@sugar refinery; nomeansno, removal, automaton@graceland (seattle, 21+)

SAT 24

jerk with a bomb, emerald city@sugar refinery

SUN 25

march 21 in a suit@sugar refinery (ask them what it means); hinterland@purple onion

MON 26

bright eyes, azure ray@starfish

TUES 27

something, hopefully

WED 28

majove 3, sid hillman quartet@starfish

THUR MAR 1

adrienne pierce, jessie farnell@sugar refinery; amon tobins@sonar; wesley willis, country teasers@starfish

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE MARCH ISSUE, FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA> DEADLINE FOR LISTINGS IS FEBRUARY 27TH.

FRI MAR 2

lousy bum@sugar refinery; northern pikes, plasticene, new big shoes@starfish

SPECIAL EVENTS

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

the next installment of last year's successful three-day sound festival at the sugar refinery, february 13-15. bands scheduled include entity: ephemeral, eternal, dixie's death pool, dj aural, birthday machine, mark szabo, noosphere, p:ano and guests. it'll be beautiful.

DARK SIDE OF THE RAINBOW

if you're a hippie, or if you smoke lots of pot, or if you actually like *dark side of the moon*, you'll want to rush to the blinding light!! to see this feature that pairs that stupid pink floyd album with the *wizard of oz*. apparently, not all of the music is pink floyd, and once you realize that, you'll trip out and think your name is foto.

THE BUTTLESS CHAPS

they're playing at the sugar refinery on saturday, february 10th. we hear they put on quite the show. hmmm. it's hard to write these things at 4:22 am.

JOHN ZORN

zorn's chamber ensemble will be playing the new opera house, benaroya hall, in seattle on sunday, february 25. take a date. he'll be impressed.

SFX & Upstream Entertainment present

THE STRING CHEESE INCIDENT

*The Kings Of Grass-Jams on tour with a mix of Calypso, Salsa,
Funk, Psychedelia, and Jazz for your listening and dancing pleasure...*



QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

March 16, 2001

Doors 8:30PM/Show 9:30PM

WHISTLER CONFERENCE CENTRE

March 17 & 18, 2001

Doors 6:00PM/Show 7:00PM

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT **ticketmaster**

Upstream Entertainment

Upstream Entertainment

BLUE FLOYD

Southern Rock/Blues Explorations
into the music of Pink Floyd

with an ALL STAR Band

MARC FORD Former Lead guitar, Vocals with THE BLACK CROWES

JOHNNY NEEL Keyboards, Vocals with ALLMAN BROS. BAND

MATT ABTS Drums with GOV'T MULE, DICKY BETTS BAND

BERRY OAKLEY Bass, Vocals with ROBBY KRIEGER BAND

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8 • Richard's on Richards

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9 • Garibaldi Lift Company, Whistler

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10 • Champagne's Surrey

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4 • 2 Louies Ballroom

(8732 Blaine Rd. - Near Birch Bay)

Vinyl

Vinyl is an 8 piece band from
San Francisco that is committed
to throwing the crowd into a
Gyrating Frenzy

Friday March 23rd
The Starfish Room

1055 Homer

Tix @ Highlife, Black Swan & Zulu or all Ticketmaster 280 4444, www.ticketmaster.ca

More info streamline (604) 904 4207 or www.upstreamentertainment.com

2010 FIELD RECORDINGS

LADYTRON 604 CD/LP

Positioned somewhere within a sonic triangle that links the following nodes: **Chicks on Speed**, **Le Tigre** and **Cibo Matto**, **LADYTRON** are the perfect articulation of historically-informed popular music production. Plus, quite simply and perhaps more significantly, they are cool. Art-rock, punk rock and prop-rock are the RGB in their sonic toner cartridge, which, when combined, turns out nice glossy grooves documenting their glorious Euro trash synth-pop vision! Concerned listeners should stop by for a listen.

CD/LP 19.98

PROPAGANDHI Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes CD

Chiefs of Winnipeg's G7 Record label, which hosts fine releases from **The Weatherheads** and **International Noise Conspiracy**, **PROPAGANDHI** have finally found time to give us their sophomore effort. Much like the aforementioned groups, **PROPAGANDHI** adhere to punk's political spirit, producing music to inspire social change, while navigating clear of the diluted pseudo punk that is all sinister and no substance!

CD 14.98

BROKEBACK Morse Code in the Modern Age CD

There is more than one way to reach an ecstatic state. For example, there is an aggressive and active approach, usually involving some kind of self-induced frenzy, if not always violence. For good or bad, this approach is familiar to most of us. And there is also a slower, more tranquil approach, involving contemplation, quietude and restraint. Deep down, perhaps this is what most of us secretly desire. Of course, it isn't our job to judge the better approach — we'll leave that up to you to decide. But it is safe to say that **Doug McCombs** and **Neal Kapenanth's BROKEBACK** project endorses the latter over the former. With three long tracks and a crowd of famous players, the overwhelming message of this album is that life, although seemingly replete with toil, darkness, and stress, is still sweet, beautiful life. So hang in there, baby, hang in there. Please note this is an enhanced disc, featuring two videos by **Braden King**, the director of **Dutch Harbor**.

CD 19.98



DONNAS Turn 21 CD/LP

How many hours are you gonna waste pushing cold fries and ketchup around your plate? How many nights have you lost in the safe confines of the "family" restaurant? If this is you, then state coffee is the perfect articulation of your sorry state: "20 going on 21!" Why not let **THE DONNAS** help you over the hump. Let's face it, the *Risky Business* vision of coming-of-age maturation is out-dated and too gender specific — a man-boy Oedipal dream, a sad urge to be punished. But hey, this punk rock record isn't like that! Instead, **THE DONNAS** anthems go like this: "40 guys in 40 nights". Go out and get some action — your action!

CD 16.98 LP 12.98



PAN SONIC Aaltopiiir CD/LP

More dark noise from these stark and sophisticated Northern Europeans — the de facto kings of the sine wave-stato-thunder axis, and heirs to the still largely misappropriated early industrial scene. As usual, if played at a suitable volume, **PAN SONIC's** massive sounds will attempt to bust your stereo system in half and climb inside your ears. Zap. Buzz. Crackle. Then, once in your body, this pure, concentrated electronic energy will go to work on your nervous system, finally restarting the psycho-social-acoustic deconstruction left undone by **SPK**, **Thrashing Gristle**, **Cabaret Voltaire** and **Nox**. No kidding, we mean it.

CD 24.98 LP 26.98

CHICKS ON SPEED

Euro Trash Girl/
Angel In Black
12"

It's time to take a stand against those tongue-in-cheek Europeans, or let some of their more troublesome citizens do it for us! **CHICKS ON SPEED** offer up a very biased version of **Cracker's** spoiled-brat anthem, delivering tales of intentional fart-poking and farting that sound all too feasible for these ladies. The b-side is a remix done up by **Mause**, who gives the song that extra little bit of life one time to tempt from digital reconstruction. This is a reprise of a self-released 7" from back before you all knew you were supposed to care. These **CHICKS** were willing to wait for us to come around — they had all of Europe to explore/exploit! Hear the story here!

12" 9.98



JAPANKAKES The Sleepy Strange CD/LP

Like the devoted **Surrealists** of the 1940s, **JAPANKAKES** are interested in non-sensory stimuli and mental activities that approach the unfamiliar — the submerged, impulsive and coded terrain of the unconscious. "Strange territory," you say, for a band with a glowing reputation for breezy pop? Exactly, my friends! **JAPANKAKES** are the authors of dream music: sublime harmonies, layered sounds designed to disorient, and sonic audio-illusions that shift melodiously into the blessed-out pop you've come to love. AVAILABLE FEBRUARY 5TH

CD/LP 16.98

LOW Things We Lost In The Fire CD/2LP

Ever had the experience where you find reading a footnote more meaningful and enjoyable than the body of the text? Such are the charms of perennial Zulu favourites **Low**, who know the potential of taking a minute detail and expanding upon it. Comprised of simple bass lines, reverby guitar, crack snare shots and a post-**Neil Young** voice, their songs are stark, originating with a filament of sound, yet spinning towards a haunting crescendo. Imagine a strand of mustard-coloured wool caught in the wind against a fence, a dried magnolia in a glass, or an abandoned swimming pool littered with Eucalyptus leaves — all hints of so much more. Now we're digging the **LOW** dynamics! AVAILABLE FEBRUARY 5TH

CD 18.98 2LP 22.98

MOMUS Folktronic CD

Not every pop star is a philosopher. Likewise, not every philosopher is a pop star. However, it's probable that there is at least one possible world where the two unconditionally meet. And, if so, we venture that this space of reasoning might just be the Folktronic world of **MOMUS**. Spectacle, wit and an inventive approach to pop music norms combine in a ménage à trois (I never use this term) that is perverse, beautiful, and yes, as convulsive as any modern pop exhibitionist can possibly be. If you are not a **MOMUS** fan already, you may be surprised to know how many there are around you.

CD 18.98



Various MOTION: A SIX DEGREES DANCE COLLECTION CD

Look at you, a seasoned traveler who knows how to see the world on a shoestring. Now you can also listen to the world at a cheap fare! San Francisco's Six Degrees Records serves up a nice introductory dish to get you dancing, with remixes of **Bebel Gilberto**, **DJ Cam**, **Rancho De Gaia**, **Uzihan** and **Kamien** and many more! Up-tempo **Café Del Mar** style recordings with a focus on grooves to "break down walls between genres, creating unique, accessible recordings that combine elements from many worlds". Sure, it's a lonely planet, but now it's a little less so!

CD 16.98

BOOM BIP AND DOSE ONE Circle CD

If you've had your ear to the (under) ground you may have been hearing some infernal mumbings about "post-rap". Now, while it's easy to cringe at the suggestion of a new "post-" prefixed pigeonhole, there actually might be something in this one. Clearly it's an irrelevant allusion to the little loved, much used "post-rock" and it's hard to draw comparisons between what's happening to hip hop today and the stuff that rent rock asunder in early-90s England (for which term was first coined). In both cases, the means of a genre are employed towards distinctly non-idiomatic ends. For further elucidation on this topic, refer to **Circle** by producer **Boom Bip** and ultra-prolific **MC Dose One**, perhaps the most abstract rap album ever released. It's on some crazy-ass, intellectual mind-shit y'all!

CD 19.98

PAPA M Papa M Sings CDEP

Like fellow **Silent** alumnus **Brian M.**, **David Pajo** has realized the potential charms of adding a wispy voice to one's sparse and often broodingly beautiful post-rock songs! **Slott**-like (and we mean that in the best possible way), **Pajo's** new aesthetic speaks for and to the reduce whose evenings are spent foraging for emotional sustenance — the ever-elusive nourishment of the "persuasive mood". Here is a record call for those who make it a practice to lose track of time. So cheer up you homebodies, **PAPA M** says it ain't that bad.

CDEP 14.98

OTHER RECORDINGS:

STEPHEN MALXUMS - s/t CD/LP
FRANK BLACK & THE CATHOLICS - Dog In The Sand CD
DJ FOOD - Quadrex CDEP 12"
JOSH MARTINEZ & SAGE FRANCIS - The Giga Single CD
DJ MAYONNAISE (of 1200 Hobos) - 55 Stories CD
MELVINS - Electrolaretard CD
THE ALBUM LEAF - In an Off White Room CDEP/10"
LESSER - Gearhound CD/2LP
SMOG - Forgotten Foundation CD (reissue)
SMOG - Sewn to the Sky CD (reissue)
MARK KOZELEK - What's Next to the Moon CD

VLADISLAV DELAY - Anima CD/3LP
BURNT FRIEDMAN - Plays Love Songs CD
AUCH - Remix Tomorrow Goodbye CD/2LP
LE TIGRE - From the Desk of Mr. Lady CDEP
INTERNAL/EXTERNAL - Inside Out CDEP
RAINER MARIA - A Better Version of Me CD/LP
THE BE GOOD TANYAS - s/t CD
WEAKERTHANS - Watermark CDEP
MOUNT FLORIDA - Arrived Phoenix CD/2LP
NEW TOWN ANIMALS - Lose That Girl 7"

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